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IN THE DAYS OF GOLDSMITH

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By TUDOR JENKS

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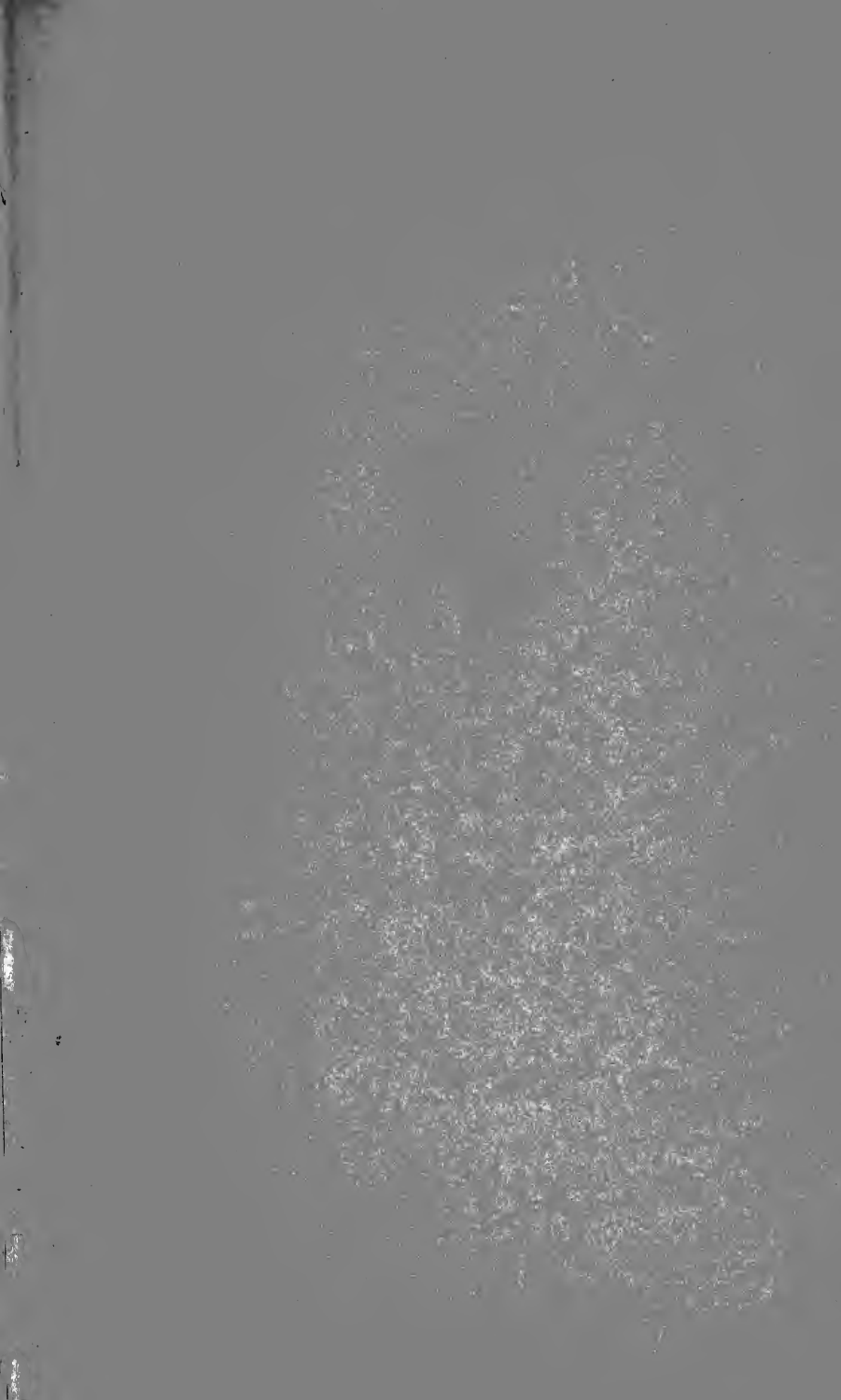
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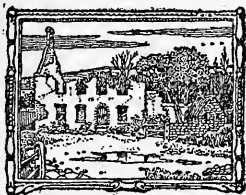
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Goldsmith

By

TUDOR JENKS

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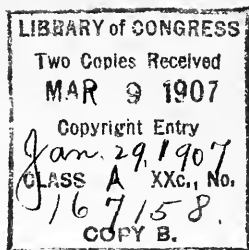


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PREFACE

Goldsmith is one of the authors who has suffered at the hands of his biographers. In the attempt to make his life picturesque and interesting there has been the temptation to place too much emphasis upon little anecdotes relating to the author's eccentricities and the more absurd events of his career. This is not due entirely to choice on the part of his chroniclers. Much of the material for his life has come from the pages of Boswell's "Johnson," or similar anecdotal sources. There is no doubt that the essence of these anecdotes is true, but in making up Goldsmith's life they have been given far too great prominence. Right proportion would greatly reduce them in the perspective of his career.

Forster's Life, while attempting to do justice, contains too large an element of

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explanations and excuses derived from the author's imagination. Perhaps the fairest of the biographers are William Black and Washington Irving. Delightful to read, because of its beautiful style, the life by the American author is also as conscientious as Irving's work invariably is.

In this volume the attempt has been to treat Goldsmith not only as an odd genius who amused the habitues of "The Club," but also as one who won and held the friendship of England's brightest minds. In speaking of the events of his life, it has not been forgotten how well the vogue of Dr. Johnson's Life has made these known to modern readers, nor how much of the life of the time still lives in our memories because of its nearness. Stress has been laid, therefore, upon the more public events and upon the literary history of the period, since it was the era when first a large reading public was created in England. It will be seen that the author of

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this book feels that Goldsmith was entitled to more respect as a man than is usually credited him. This feeling has perhaps led him to criticise somewhat freely the interpretations put by other biographers upon events in Goldsmith's career. He has also protested against the too common practice of assuming that because a great writer like Goldsmith uses in his work the experiences of his life, that the work therefore may be relied upon as material for his biography.

He hopes that his own view of Goldsmith may at least incline his readers to make a comparative study of the biographies before trusting any one of them to the exclusion of the rest.



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CHAPTER I

GOLDSMITH'S EARLIEST SURROUNDINGS

THE birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith was in a village so small and so remote from civilization that one of his biographers has called it "the midmost solitude of Ireland." His father, no doubt, was looked upon as quite a magnate by the inhabitants of the little huts surrounding his more pretentious home, and Oliver lived better and had more advantages than any of his little playfellows.

His father was the Protestant clergyman in the small Irish parish, and was one of a line of "Goldsmiths" in the same profession. His mother, Ann Jones, came of people of the same sort, a Protestant clerical family, though her father was master of a school, and from this

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schoolmaster and clergyman Goldsmith derived his name of Oliver, although he attempted to maintain that the name had come into his family owing to some connection with Oliver Cromwell.

The poet's birthday was the tenth of November, 1728, and his birthplace was the village of Pallas, or Pallasmore. Speaking generally, it may be said that this locality is about the middle of the country.

The family consisted of eight children, Goldsmith being the second son, and there being three girls.

William Howitt tells us that the village of Goldsmith's birth was a mere cluster of two or three buildings that in Ireland were called farmhouses, but would in England be considered no more than huts. The country was one of small farm-holdings, flat, with very few trees, but fairly well watered. The highways were hardly more than narrow, stony lanes, running amid the farm lands—potato and wheat fields.

In this little hamlet Goldsmith passed

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only his infancy, for, two years after Oliver's birth, his father, by the death of his wife's uncle, succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to Lissoy.

In later years, however, Goldsmith was accustomed to go now and then to Pallas, because it remained the home of his elder brother, Henry, between whom and the poet always existed a warm affection.

Something of the nature of the people hereabouts may be gathered from the popular tradition recorded in Irving's "Life of Goldsmith," that the destruction of the house in which the poet was born was occasioned by a huge, misshapen hobgoblin, whose custom it was in later years "to bestride the house every evening with an immense pair of jack-boots, which, in his efforts at hard riding he would thrust through the roof, kicking to pieces all the work of the preceding day"—that is, the work of those who had been hired to keep the house in repair.

The home in Lissoy comprised a decent house and the farm of seventy acres on

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the outskirts of the village, and it is this place that really was remembered always by Oliver as the scene of his boyhood days. Here, too, began his schooling.

Accounts of the village of Lissoy seem contradictory. Some of the poet's biographers represent it as a quaint, pretty place; others speak of it as a few common cottages by the roadside, in an uninteresting country. The earliest description we have was written in 1790, and speaks of the home as "a snug farmhouse in view of the high-road, to which a straight highway leads, with double rows of ash-trees," and the clergyman who thus speaks of the house tells us that in the neighborhood, within a narrow circuit, are to be found many of the features later introduced by Goldsmith into his "Deserted Village."

Behind the house was an orchard, of which some traces remain, but the home itself long ago fell into ruins—though Howitt mentions that the public house was in existence in his day, half a century

ago, having been rebuilt by a gentleman who, as an admirer of Goldsmith, sought to restore Lissoy to the features of Auburn. But, in commenting upon this, Howitt insists that Goldsmith made no scruple in describing in his poem the characteristics of an English ale-house, rather than those of the inn of so poor a village as was Lissoy in his early years.

In order to form an idea of Goldsmith's boyhood days, we have only to consult the pictures given in his own writings, for it was his custom to weave into his works reminiscences of his own life with more freedom than has been done by almost any other writer. We may thus confidently ascribe to his father many of the traits of the good Vicar of Wakefield, Dr. Primrose, and also supplement these by such details as he gives us in his "Man in Black," who is believed to be no other than Goldsmith himself, and who describes his father at length. Briefly, consulting these two portraits from the hand of Goldsmith himself, we may recognize

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in his father a pious, unworldly, kindly gentleman of high principles, who lived the "simple life" and preached its principles nearly two centuries before moderns had discovered it.

Perhaps the most important sentence in Goldsmith's description, when considered in the light of his own career, is this: "He wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress."

It is to such teaching that the thriftless ways of Goldsmith himself may be traced, but it is a curious commentary upon modern civilization that a Christian clergyman should be looked upon as more or less of a simpleton because he brought up his children to put into practice the Christian virtues.

For the oldest son, Henry Goldsmith, the father provided the best education, by dint of the severest sacrifice, that he could afford. Oliver was seven years younger. His education began at the hands of one

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of those good old motherly dames, "found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighborhood, to teach them their letters, and keep them out of harm's way," as Irving beautifully puts it.

This first teacher was a kinswoman, known to us by her married name of Elizabeth Delap. She lived to be nearly ninety, and to boast of her beginning the poet's education. She reported him as a stupid boy, but this is a very frequent verdict in the case of boys whose genius makes them different from their fellows, and puts them beyond the ken of common people. Such boys, after a number of attempts to make themselves understood, are likely to keep their imaginings to themselves, and thus to pass for insensate blockheads.

In 1734, when Oliver was six years old, he passed on to a school of higher grade kept by Thomas (commonly known as Paddy) Byrne. He was a veteran soldier, fond of amusing and instructing boys by

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talking of his wanderings in foreign lands, and well acquainted with Irish ballads, legends, and fairy stories. He was also deeply versed in the exploits of the Irish outlaws, whose adventures lost nothing in their telling by the imaginative school-master.

The training of Goldsmith's mind in early boyhood must in many respects have resembled that of Scott, for both were brought into immediate contact with the folk-lore that is the very soil to nourish poetry. Certainly it seems true that the greatest poets of the United Kingdom were nourished upon the folk-lore of their native countries; that the minds of Scott and Burns, of Goldsmith, and of Shakespeare, received their earliest bent through an acquaintance with the folk-stories of the countryside.

More important still than these talents was Byrne's love for versifying, which showed itself in rhymed translations from Virgil. Naturally enough, Goldsmith got the trick of rhyming, and began to scribble

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verses, most of which he destroyed. A few, however, were read by his mother and induced her to beg that Oliver might have an education worthy of his talents, an intervention that prevented the boy from being apprenticed to some trade.

Under Byrne's teaching Goldsmith remained until he was nine years old. Then an attack of smallpox left permanent traces on the boy's face, and, possibly for the purpose of putting the disfigured lad among strangers for a time, he was sent to a school at Elphin for a year or two, and boarded with his uncle.

The disease that so greatly marked Goldsmith's face was not at all an unusual happening in those days. It was looked upon as almost a necessary incident of life, and whether one's complexion were utterly ruined by it or not rested wholly in the hands of a capricious Providence. It was a great many years before the accidental occurrence of several cases of smallpox in a dark cave where certain soldiers were lodged, proved that the pitting was due

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to the action of light—a discovery that in our own times has been again made public by the studies and experiments of Finsen, the Swede.

It was at this school in Roscommon that Goldsmith suffered from hazing, a brutality that has even lasted into our own time.

In 1739 he returned to Athlone, a town but five miles from his home, where for two years he attended a school kept by the Reverend Mr. Campbell. Four years at a school in Edgeworthstown finished his school education, when he was about seventeen.

It was while he was living with his uncle, John Goldsmith, that Oliver made a retort that has often been quoted in telling the story of his life. One Cummings, playing the fiddle to Oliver's dancing, said, jokingly, that Goldsmith was his "little Æsop," likening him to the deformed Greek fabulist. Goldsmith at once made the rhymed repartee:

Our herald hath proclaimed this saying:

"See Aesop dancing, and his monkey playing,"

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which, if not a remarkable epigram, was certainly proof of unusual brightness and quickness in a child of nine or ten.

At all events, the accounts agree that this and other signs of intellectual power caused his family to decide upon giving him as good an education as their slender resources could manage.

If the stories regarding his treatment by his schoolfellows are authentic, if his strong physiognomy and his disfigurement by disease made him the butt of his schoolfellows, the matter is of interest only as showing the complete lack of kindly human feeling among the youngsters of the time. It is not so very long before that poor prisoners were pelted and derided as a matter of course, by passing citizens; that unnumbered throngs pressed to see the execution of criminals; that the sufferings of the poor, the young, and of prisoners in battles excited no sympathy whatever among their fellow beings. There is no doubt that there still remain traces of the same feeling among the people of to-

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day, but there is likewise an undoubted improvement.

With his nearly unequalled power of bringing before the reader the main characteristics of the past, Charles Reade, in "The Wandering Heir," has reconstructed for us a little drama that makes these old days in Ireland live again. Reade's story begins in the year 1726, two years before the date of Goldsmith's birth, but the scene he describes might well have been drawn from Goldsmith's school-days.

The little schoolroom is crowded with the "boding tremblers," hoping to escape the notice of the harsh master prowling about the room with a long ruler held like a weapon, and meant for the same office. In winter, the room was kept a little warmer than freezing by a smouldering fire upon the hearthstone, and on a windy day the smoke whirled about the room almost as if it had quarreled with the chimney-flue.

The boys in such a school are described as dressed in long frieze coats, short

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breeches laced at the knee, "clouted shoes tied with strips of raw neat-skin, and slovenly caubeens," or caps.

Later, Reade gives a description of school-boy cruelty that, it is to be feared, would likewise apply not only to Goldsmith's time, but almost to the boy himself, for he tells how one little victim is pinched, gibed, poked, and ducked.

Professor Masson sums up the reports of Goldsmith during these early days as showing him "a shy, thick, awkward boy, a butt, and little better than a fool." At the same time, he was good-natured, friendly, generous, and athletic, a leader in school mischief-making. He appreciated the literary side of his classical studies, translating well, and delighting in the Roman legends as told by Livy.

Professor Masson also says, with excellent discretion, that Dr. Johnson's remark that Goldsmith "flowered late," is not justified by the accounts of his early life, which show him virtually the same in boyhood that we see him in manhood.

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We may look upon this age of seventeen, the time of his leaving the school at Edgeworthstown, as the end of his boyhood, for now had come the time when, in deciding whether he was to enter the University, the nature of his future vocation must be determined.

It was on the occasion of his returning for the last time from Edgeworthstown that Oliver was befooled into the experience that afterwards formed the foundation of his play, "She Stoops to Conquer." Riding on horseback over the rough roads, he came at nightfall to the little town, Ardagh. When he inquired for "the best house in the place," a village wag saw the chance to play upon his importance, and directed him to the home of the magnate of the place, a Mr. Featherstone, where Goldsmith put up for the night, supposing himself to be in an inn, and acting accordingly, as is admirably told in Irving's life of the poet.

It is usual among matter-of-fact, everyday people, to regard such an incident as

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this as showing a lack of common-sense in the victim of the mistake. To them the blunder would not be possible owing to the complete occupation of their minds with the surface of things. They are shrewd as regards practical matters, simply because their minds are free to deal with them. A deep scholar is more likely to be absent-minded and to make mistakes in consequence, than is the shrewd, practical, every-day man of half his capacity. To a mind like Goldsmith's, the world would be full of strange marvels and inconsistencies, and small incongruities would fail to attract his attention, where a narrower-minded man would be struck with them at once. To the latter type, an innkeeper and his family would be in accordance with certain expectations, preconceived notions; Goldsmith would know that there was no necessary connection between a man's occupation and his character, and would therefore not perceive an incongruity.

It was Oliver's misfortune that just about as his family were to provide for

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means for his University education, a happening entirely unconnected with himself threatened to defeat the whole project. Henry Goldsmith, the elder brother, was completing his course in college with credit. Apparently to increase his resources he had been tutoring a young man named Daniel Hodson, and an affection having sprung up between Hodson and Catherine Goldsmith, Oliver's elder sister, there seems to have been some complaint or hint on the part of the young man's family that the Goldsmiths had sought the match in the hope of worldly benefit. In order to disprove this motive the father of the young lady made an engagement, in 1744, to pay four hundred pounds as her marriage portion, an amount that could be raised only by pledging virtually all the family resources.

All idea of putting Oliver in college upon the same footing with his brother Henry—that is, as a “pensioner”—had to be abandoned, and it was proposed that he should go as a “poor scholar,” or

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sizar, which meant that the boy must wear a distinctive costume and must render certain menial services in return for his tuition. Oliver's objection made him declare that he would rather learn a trade, but his reluctance was overcome by his uncle Contarine—the Reverend Thomas Contarine—who had frequently invited Oliver to his house. Having been a sizar himself, he persuaded Oliver to enter college in the same capacity, and, on the eleventh of June, 1745, Goldsmith was admitted at Trinity College, Dublin.

Howitt tells us that during his school-days, Oliver Goldsmith had made the acquaintance with the last of the "ancient Irish bards," the popular poet, Turlogh O'Carolan. After the fashion of old times, O'Carolan, who was blind, wandered about Connaught, a guest among the old families, singing his songs to the sound of his harp. Like other minstrels, he won his welcome by ballads in praise of the members of his hosts' families.

Another native poet with whom Goldsmith had some acquaintance, was Law-

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rence Whyte, whose style was more modern than that of O'Carolan, and may possibly have given Goldsmith hints for his own descriptive poems. Whyte's verses recount the misfortunes of the peasantry and deplore the absenteeism of landlords, showing that even a quarter of a century before Goldsmith's time, the Irish were complaining of the evils that have not ceased in our own day. Many of his lines, though less poetic, are in harmony with the tone of "The Deserted Village."

CHAPTER II

OLIVER'S COLLEGE CAREER

ONE feels, in reading the "Lives of Goldsmith" that he was always the target for misfortune. Although there had been nothing cheering about his school-days, yet they had been relieved by the boy's love for athletic sports and by his enjoyment of the old ballads and legends of the veteran, his schoolmaster.

When he entered Trinity College, it would seem that it was enough to destroy his happiness that he had lost all claims to good looks, was never brilliant as a scholar, made no impression in conversation, and was anything but graceful. But, in addition, fate, by diminishing the resources of the family, had insured that his costume and his position in the college world should

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bring him the contempt or neglect of his associates.

His biographers have taken pains to tell us that Burke remembered in after days that he was at college with Goldsmith, but the very terms in which they inform us of this fact show that the Irishman, whom they consider greater, had not the slightest interest in his college-mate. The biographers themselves seem blind to the superior claims of Goldsmith to the world's notice. It is of far less importance to us what was Burke's impression of Goldsmith than the reverse, in just so far as the mind of the poet is greater than that of the philosophical politician.

Then, too, in commenting upon Goldsmith's sufferings as a sizar, the varying opinions of the biographers awaken interesting reflections. An American reader has little sympathy with the views of any until he comes to those of Irving, whose genuine democracy finds some expression in exposing the evils of the system, as follows: "We can conceive nothing more

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odious and ill-judged than these distinctions, which attached the idea of degradation to poverty, and placed the indigent youth of merit below the worthless minion of fortune."

Even Irving's point of view does not seem entirely philosophical. There is nothing essentially base or degrading in any of the marks that distinguished a sizar or in the tasks he was expected to perform. It should be utterly indifferent to a scholar, except as a matter of employment of time, whether he waits at table or is waited upon; and to the eye of the man of wisdom there can be no degradation in even "a coarse black gown without sleeves."

So far as there was suffering caused to Oliver Goldsmith, it sprang from the snobbishness and unkindness of his college-mates. Goldsmith himself never minded the mere fact of poverty, as is shown by his vagabondage. It was only the unkindness of his fellow beings that caused him, many years later, to advise

his brother by no means to send his son to college as sizar.

Goldsmith's days at college yield nothing of moment to reward investigation. We hear of him as "lounging about the college gates"—which probably means no more than that he found the live world more interesting than his books. That this was not due to his stupidity, but rather to the wrong methods of education, we learn from his own claim that no one of his college-mates could more readily than he put an ode of Horace into English verse. This, which has been for so many years recognized in the classical world as a crux of scholarship, seems to us probably a true statement; and if it be true, it is equivalent to saying that, tested by the translation of a poem into poetry again, Goldsmith was as good a Latinist and humanist as any of the scholars.

Like Milton, and no doubt for the same reason, Goldsmith had trouble with his tutor. Men of independent thinking, especially if they are outspoken, as we

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know both Milton and Goldsmith were, are certain to rasp the feelings of pedants, and the pedant's argument against those who rebel against the *ipse dixit* has always been the rod. As Milton has said to have been beaten and to have left Cambridge, so we are told that Goldsmith was continually bullied and tormented by his tutor; but he did not leave college until after an escapade that seems to have deserved severe punishment. This took place later in his course. Irving tells us that the cause of Goldsmith's distaste for the severer studies may probably be found in his natural indolence and his love of convivial pleasures.

As to his indolence, that is the name given to his neglect of a certain class of studies. That the mind of Goldsmith was ever truly indolent is impossible. The works of a great mind in literature are never happy accidents. In one way or another the wealth of thought that is poured into the pages of a poet or novelist must be acquired through better seeing

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and better thinking than that of other men. Goldsmith tells us, in speaking of college studies: "I was a lover of mirth, good-humor, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood," which is no more than saying that he had a taste for the lighter and higher sides of life from his boyhood.

In later life he said: "I would compare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispassionate prudence, to liquors that never ferment, and, consequently, continue always muddy." The cut-and-dried college course might, in accidental cases, produce a worthy teacher or a repeater of conventional learning, but the making of a Goldsmith is beyond the attainment of any curriculum.

To add to Goldsmith's troubles, two years after he entered college came the death of his father, leaving the family little or nothing. What little there was, the mother needed; and trifling as his father's help had been, the lack of it was sorely

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missed. The kind Uncle Contarine, who had originally encouraged Oliver's going to college, now came forward to lend what aid he could, and Oliver now and then borrowed from class-mates little richer than himself. He is said to have pawned clothing, and even his books, to raise money, and was glad enough when he discovered that he could sell for five shillings each ballad suitable for street singers.

We are told, as if it was something remarkable, that he took pleasure in listening to the singing of these songs, as himself unknown, he stood watching the street ballad-singers; but it is doubtful whether any author remains indifferent to his own work or neglects an opportunity of judging its effect upon others.

About the same time we are told that Burke was distinguishing himself in the debates carried on in a literary club for the purpose of exercise in literary composition. Few who give the matter serious thought will deny that of the two Goldsmith was securing the more valuable

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training in literary composition, though the conventional standards would consider the occupation of Burke as dignified, and that of Goldsmith as in a way lowering. There are few occupations less useful than the sophomoric exercises of youthful orators in their debating clubs, whereas Goldsmith, in writing street-ballads, was doing genuine literary work and such as fitted him for his future calling.

While a young man's instincts are still unspoiled and he retains his chivalric impulses, he shows a generosity and unworldliness that he is too apt afterward to lose. Foolish as are the usual town-and-gown rows, we would think little of a son or nephew who remained aloof when his college-mates appealed to him to support by force of arms the "honor" of the college.

During Goldsmith's course, a collegian being arrested by the bailiff of Dublin, there followed a really serious encounter between the city authorities and the college men. This outbreak resulted in the

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rescue of the prisoner and the taking of the captor. Flushed by success, the students next decided to break open the city prison as a peculiarly Hibernian revenge upon the city officials. When firearms were discharged from the prison, however, the attempt was given up. Eight of the students were brought before the college authorities for this outbreak, four were expelled, and four reprimanded, among the latter being Goldsmith.

This trouble with the college authorities seems rather creditable than otherwise to the young Irish student, for it shows that in an affair in which he considered the honor of the college involved he was among the most prominent.

But another college adventure reflects upon him more seriously. Having secured a petty prize for scholarship—what was called “an exhibition,” worth about thirty shillings a year—Goldsmith, very likely in a spirit of irony, gave a little jollification in his rooms to celebrate this most unusual event. This has been reported as if it

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were a sign of his simplicity, but it seems to me rather more likely to be the result of good-nature. One who had up to this time received nothing would be the subject of much chaffing over a minor distinction of the sort, and would be very likely invited to "treat" upon the strength of it. There would have been no harm in the affair had it not been that Goldsmith seems to have invited women as well as men to his rooms, an offence the seriousness of which all university men know. There was liquor and probably dancing, for the music attracted the attention of the authorities and Goldsmith was, according to a custom not then given up, thrashed or shaken in the presence of his guests, who were turned out of doors.

For this affair there seems no excuse, and Goldsmith determined to leave college and home. He sold what few movables he possessed, intending to take ship for America, but loitered somewhere about Dublin until he had spent all his money but a shilling. Upon this he lived for

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three days, then sold part of his clothing, and, finally, after twenty-four hours' starving, declared that a handful of grey peas given him by a girl at a wake was one of the most delicious repasts he had ever tasted.

Then, in desperation, Goldsmith communicated in some way with his brother Henry, between whom and himself there was always the warmest intimacy. Henry took Oliver back to college, patched up a peace with the authorities, and he entered once more upon the dull and unpleasant routine of his college life.

There are but one or two more stories in regard to his life at Trinity College. One of them is especially characteristic as bearing out Goldsmith's account of the education given by his father to them all. It is said that a fellow student came one day to Oliver's room, and on being invited to enter, found, that although it was bright daylight he was still in bed. After some questioning the visitor learned that Goldsmith was an unwilling prisoner because

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he had not only given away the blankets from his bed, but even part of his clothing, to a poor woman who had a brood of helpless children. Thus being without bed-clothes or proper clothing, Goldsmith had kept himself warm by slitting open the feather bed and getting in among the feathers. This incident even the kindly Irving characterizes as a "serio-comic story."

It is strange how differently the same state of facts will strike the mind when there is a little prejudice to aid the impression. St. Martin, of France, meets a beggar and cuts his cloak in two to throw over the poor fellow's shoulders, and is looked upon throughout the ages as a marvel of charity. Goldsmith, in his own very prosaic days, without a thought of virtue, feeling his heart wrung for a poor woman and her children, gives not only his coat, but his blankets also; and his biographers can find nothing to say of the incident except that it is serio-comic! It is to be hoped that there is a recording

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angel who is better trained at tracing a parallel between the actions of those who are dubbed as saints and those who make no pretence to being other than sinners.

Such are the glimpses that we catch of the boyhood and young manhood of Oliver Goldsmith, and in estimating them we must remember that we view them through the colored glass of his biographers' personalities. Only by interpreting them for ourselves shall we do Oliver justice.

Oliver's college days ended on the 27th of February, 1749, when we are told that he took his B. A., though what importance the letters were to him or are to any human being is one of the mysteries of life. There is something "serio-comic," if you like, in the idea of the signature, "Oliver Goldsmith, B..A." One might almost as well say, "William Shakespeare, LL.D."

Upon leaving college, instead of a return to a welcoming home, there was before Goldsmith the making of a place for himself in the world. His father's house at Lissoy was now occupied by his sister and

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her husband. Goldsmith's mother was living in a small hut in poverty, while his brother Henry was at Pallas, a curate and school teacher.

While Goldsmith was welcomed, there was none of his family able to give him a home, and he wrote in "A Citizen of the World," in later years: "After I had resided at college seven years, my father died and left me his blessing. Thus shoved from shore, without ill-nature to protect or cunning to guide or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two." In another passage he compares himself to one of "those gladiators who are exposed without armor in the amphitheatre at Rome."

The period that is covered by Oliver's college days extends from 1745 to 1749. The most important events in England of these times may be found pictured in Scott's "Waverley," for it was the time of the Jacobite rebellion under the Young Pretender.

In Europe, these were the days that were made memorable by the struggle between Maria Theresa and the Great Frederick, and of the battle of Fontenoy.

In literature these years see the beginning of the English novel, for in them must be dated "Clarrissa Harlowe," "Roderick Random," and "Tom Jones." In 1745 occurred the death of Swift, and the Louisburg Expedition in America. In 1746, the month of April saw the battle of Culloden, and the following year was marked for the American colonies by the atrocities of the French and Indian War; 1748 is the year of the death of James Thomson and the birth of Fox and Goethe and Collingwood, while 1749 was notable for the birth of Alfieri, La Place, Bentham, and Mirabeau. It was during this year that France finally abandoned the cause of the Stuarts, leaving their struggle a mere helpless sentimentality.

In his lectures upon "The Four Georges," Thackeray has in a most masterly fashion drawn for us a somewhat sys-

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tematic picture of England at about the time of Oliver's growing up. It is true that to the boy in Ireland none of the historic events had for many years any importance, and none of the social follies and fashions were likely to extend their sway into the remote byways of Ireland. But nevertheless these things created the circumstance amid which his later life was passed, and to understand that life we must know something of their origin.

Despite the accusation of being a cynic and a satirist, I think no one can read Thackeray's story of the Georgian days without feeling that he is eminently fair. Certainly, in describing the court and town life he does not fail to give us a picture showing the high lights as well as the dark shadows, the good people and the bad.

He calls Horace Walpole's letters "cheery," and tells us how through them "fiddles sing, wax-lights, fine dress, fine plate, glitter and sparkle. Never," he says, "was such a brilliant, jigging, smirk-

ing Vanity Fair." But with the brightness he shows us the dark spots, and Thackeray has no love for the "little strutting Sultan, George II," "hunchback, beetle-browed Lord Chesterfield," "little Mr. Pope and his friend the Irish Dean"—Swift, "with scorn and hate quivering in his smile."

Then, from the same source, we have an arraignment of the fashionable churchmen, corrupt and indifferent amidst indifference and corruption, followed by a word of heartfelt approval for Whitefield and Wesley, abandoning church corruption, praying and preaching in the open air.

But Thackeray declares it was a merrier England than the England of his own day. "People high, and low amused themselves very much more," he writes, adding that it is "wonderful how they got through their business at all when they spent so much time at the table and at games, cock-fighting, wrestling, and so on. Every town had its fair, every village its wake,"

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and everywhere were rural sports, such as cudgel-play, grinning through horse-collars, May-pole and morris dances. Among other popular amusements he names dancing, band-playing, fiddlers, and strolling players. Prominent in the social history of the time are the festivities in various country towns such as York, Newmarket, Norwich, and especially Bath, the most fashionable watering-place of the day.

But here, again, close upon the amusements and brighter sides of life come the darker chronicles of crime, punishment, and misery,—the barbarous punishments, the personal encounters, grinding poverty, crude medical practice, and loose morals. And both in Goldsmith's own career and in his writings we shall see misery and vice knocking elbows with fashionable frivolity, with simple virtuous living, and beneficent endeavor.

CHAPTER III

SEEKING A PROFESSION

EVERYTHING shows that Oliver's relatives, with one notable exception, considered him a ne'er-do-well, and had no wish to take any responsibility in his future course. The exception, naturally enough, was the uncle who had befriended him. This may have been due to a spice of obstinacy in the old gentleman, though it is difficult to give chapter and verse for the impression that he was obstinate. A minority of one in a family is likely to hold strongly to an opinion opposed by the rest. Uncle Contarine believed Oliver to possess some genius, and it is a pleasure to recognize that this benevolent relative was so entirely right when all the rest opposed him.

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We may not admire Uncle Contarine's choice of a profession for Oliver, and may wonder why the Church was selected, but we should remember that in those days there were for educated young men only the three professions and the army, and this fourth choice was not open to those who could not buy a commission. Law, too, required ample funds to support a student while he was keeping terms and eating dinners in the Inns of Court. These excluded, only the Church and medicine remained, and between the two we shall see that Oliver vibrated for a long period and only gave them up when he had proved unfitness for either.

The Church of the time made no very serious demands upon its clergy. As we know by the Reformation that took place not long after this time, the established Church was in a state of lethargy. It was a natural re-action from the long and acrimonious strife that had for so many years troubled the people of England. The leaven of the Reformation had done its

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work in dividing the people sharply according to their beliefs and temperaments. There was a disinclination to disturb the peace. Those clergymen were most popular who confined their ministrations to the Sunday services and were willing to be hail-fellow-well-met during the week.

This state of things was to be sharply interrupted by the rise of Methodism, but, for the most part, the gentlemen of the cloth were leading rather somnolent existences. The chief requisites, therefore, to qualify a man for holy orders at the time when Uncle Contarine proposed the profession for Oliver, were sufficient literary ability to compose necessary sermons, a fair presence, ability to comport one's self acceptably, and a willingness to conform to conventional standards.

The influence of the leaders of the Church, as a Church historian declares, was "toward the suppression, not the regulation, of all manifestations of religious zeal." "Wherever earnestness appeared," says the same authority, "Jacobitism was

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suspected"; and though this acute stage had passed away for some years, it had left in the ascendancy those churchmen who frowned upon whatever would bring about agitation.

As to Oliver's opinion of the matter, it is likely that it was confined to simple repugnance to the restraints the Church would have imposed upon him, saying humorously that he was unwilling to "wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat" when he liked a brown one; but he yielded to his uncle's request and declared his willingness to prepare to pass the necessary tests.

And yet the state of things in the English Church, during Oliver's youth, was not such as to awaken enthusiasm even in a young man more susceptible to such things than Oliver could have been. The interior of the churches themselves were eloquent of neglect and of privilege. Wakeman, in his "History of the Church of England," draws a contrast between the provision made for the principal fam-

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ilies of each parish and that allotted to the poor or undistinguished. He makes a striking picture of the decaying church interiors and comments on the exclusiveness that separated the well-to-do from their poorer neighbors.

He tells us how there was ample provision made for the rich who could pay well toward the maintenance of the clergy and almost complete indifference to the welfare of those to whom the Church should have been a loving mother. And yet the same writer who is so severe in depicting the state of the Church, declares that the clergy were far better than the laity of their time, and shows us that men like Oliver's father were not rare among clergymen, though most apt to be found far from the arena where the struggle for preferment was sharpest.

It is not remarkable that with the memory of his father's poverty fresh in mind, and in full view of the struggles of his brother Henry to maintain a large and growing family, Oliver saw little reason

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to believe life in the Church would be enjoyable. Of any higher motive toward the calling there is but one hint, a reported speech that he was "not good enough" for it. One wonders why Goldsmith did not yield himself to the influence of Whitefield and Wesley, who were at that time doing marvelous work, though they had not yet separated themselves formally from the established Church.

There is a reference to the Methodist preachers in his essay "On the English Clergy," but one that seems to show him in the same attitude of mind toward these new preachers that a young college man of the present day would be in toward the Salvation Army. He recommends some characteristics of theirs for imitation, but evidently disapproves of certain of their methods.

As, however, the limitation of age prevented Oliver's entering the diaconate until he was twenty-three, there remained two or three years before he could present himself for admission to the Church, and

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how he spent this time he himself has told us. He lived with his mother at Ballymahon, and busied himself during the intervals of his studies by helping his brother Henry in school teaching. He runs errands for his mother, writes bits of verse to please his uncle Contarine, and, as Forster tells us, amused himself at an old inn not far from his mother's house, where, with a few young friends, he passes his evenings in playing whist, telling stories, and singing songs. Forster, this biographer, has industriously collected evidences of the occupations of this period, learning from his "Animated Nature" that Goldsmith caught fish and hunted the otter along the banks of the Inny and Shannon rivers; that he "learned French from the Irish priests," won a prize for hammer-throwing at a fair, and was now and then seen playing the flute in a window of his mother's lodgings.

Altogether, we are told that these two years in rural Ireland were a sort of vacation to the young college man, giving him

time to rest after the excitement of his Dublin life, and restoring him to that atmosphere of rural simplicity that had been about him since childhood.

When the time had arrived to apply to the Bishop of his diocese, it is said that Goldsmith presented himself for examination wearing a pair of scarlet breeches. This story seems to have been based upon a mere tradition, and other traditions tell us that Oliver's unfitness for holy orders was not a question of mere appearance, but became evident to the Bishop of Elphin after an examination had shown him unprepared in the required studies.

It is also said that his reputation with the Bishop was injured by reports from his old college tutor. The story of the scarlet breeches seems to take its place naturally with the misinterpretations that abound throughout Goldsmith's biographies. One is tempted to invent theories to account for the unlikely anecdote. One asks whether, having failed to pass his examination by the Bishop, Goldsmith

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himself gave out this absurd story, in order that his failure should be put down to an odd freak of his genius rather than to incapacity. Or, if the story be true, is it impossible that Goldsmith was color-blind, and thus incapable of realizing the utter incongruity of his appearance with his declared intention of entering a dignified profession?

A third explanation of his failure to take orders is given by his sister, Mrs. Hodson, who declares that her brother was considered too young. In the supposed autobiography, "A Citizen of the World" (Letter 27), this happening is commented upon as follows: "I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress."

If Goldsmith was color-blind, it would explain his many oddities of taste in the matter of bright colors. Unable to understand their garishness, his friends' objection to his brilliant costumes would seem to be unreasonable. There is an instance

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of his pride in a bright-colored coat, recounted by Boswell, where the coat is said to be "bloom-colored," a term not satisfactorily explained in our dictionaries, though, to judge by the older authorities, it probably means a color like the bloom upon fresh grapes.

Following his rejection by the Bishop came another application for aid to Uncle Contarine, and an attempt to serve as tutor in a private family. This work lasted a year, and is said to have come to an end because of an accusation of cheating at cards made by Goldsmith against some member of the family. But the year's work had at least given him a small capital, for he came back to Ballymahon riding a good horse, and with thirty pounds in his pocket, which would seem to indicate that this was by far his most prosperous year. Judging by the amounts usually paid tutors at the time, and the reference to card-playing, it is not improbable that the most lucrative part of Oliver's engagement may have been the time spent at the

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card-table. Certainly, unless he was sometimes winner, it does not seem likely that there should have been an attempt at unfair play on the part of his opponents.

The next episode shows us an attempt on Oliver's part to see the world. Having such a tidy little sum of money in his pocket, and being mounted upon a good horse, he started, without warning his family or friends of his intention, for Cork, and there paid the price of a passage to America. Then, the ship having been detained by contrary winds, Oliver gave the time to making an excursion into the neighborhood of this city. Fortunately for the captain of the ship, unfortunately for his absent passenger, during this excursion a favorable wind arose and the ship set sail, leaving Goldsmith behind.

Then Oliver lived upon his money until he had but two guineas left, and thought it necessary to make some provision for returning home. The poor beast that was all he could then afford must have been a horse of unattractive appearance

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to deserve the name of "Fiddleback," which Oliver gave him.

He had no more than five shillings in his pocket when he set out for Ballymahon. A beggar soon wheedled the last few shillings from Oliver's never stingy hand, and left him penniless. Then came the attempt to secure help from a college acquaintance, whose meanness is amusingly described. This broken reed failed utterly when Oliver asked him for a little money, and he would only recommend that he sell Fiddleback and rely upon his own feet and a stout staff to take him home.

A second application to a kindlier household resulted more fortunately, and here Oliver was entertained by the two daughters of his host. He describes their playing enchantingly upon the harpsichord. As it was the first time these girls had touched that instrument since the recent death of their mother, Goldsmith tells us that the father sat by with tears running down his cheeks. All these particulars

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came from the charming letters Oliver wrote to explain his absence from home.

These two vignettes, the miserly collegian who grudged his friend the least help, and the widower with his two musical daughters, though so briefly indicated, bring back vividly Oliver's queer journey home from Cork. This trip had cost Oliver all his savings and six weeks of his time.

The bad penny having come back, the next question was how it should be disposed of. Uncle Contarine, with a patience more admirable than prudent, gave Oliver fifty pounds, and advised him to make his way to London for the purpose of studying law. There are not many young Americans but a short time out of college and with anything but a reputation for prudence, who, upon returning from a six weeks' escapade, in which they had wasted a hundred and fifty dollars, would find at home a generous uncle ready to set them up with another two hundred and fifty dollars for the purpose of making a new start.

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It is unfortunate that Oliver did not better repay his uncle's confidence. It would seem that he should at least have proceeded straightway to London, but Oliver got no farther than Dublin. He there discovered an old acquaintance, who induced him to gamble, with the result that before long he was again penniless.

Ashamed to confess his fault, he remained for some time in Dublin, but at length letting his family know his condition, he was generously forgiven by his uncle, though not by his brother Henry, with whom he had a quarrel.

Another brief period of uncertainty followed, and then, through the advice of a magnate of the family, a Dean Goldsmith, it was resolved to try the one remaining profession. Undoubtedly this family oracle had been appealed to in regard to Oliver's future, and seeing that the failures of the young man had exhausted all other possibilities, had declared in his wisdom that Oliver's only chance lay in the profession

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of medicine. Once more the family was appealed to for funds, and by a sort of general collection, enough was made up to send Oliver to Edinburgh.

There are a number of anecdotes told of the sojourn at Edinburgh. The first of these tells how Oliver left his luggage in new lodgings without taking note of his landlady's name or of the location of the house, and succeeded in finding his property again only through the accident of meeting the porter who had carried his trunk to the hired rooms.

His stay at Edinburgh covered a year and a half, and we get some knowledge of it through the letters home to Uncle Contarine, and to his cousin and old crony, Bob Bryanton. From these letters we gather little of importance, but they show at least that he was considered an entertaining friend and companion.

Though poor, he cared enough for dress to buy a supply that enabled him to make a good appearance. He found food for pleasant satire in the peculiarities of the

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Scotch, and became better acquainted with medical students than with medicine.

Here, as in Ballymahon and in Dublin, Goldsmith was studying rather the book of human life than any college curriculum, and was thus preparing himself for his true profession, while his friends looked upon him as neglecting his opportunities.

It may be that only from a disposition inclining one to the irregularities of life can there come the works of imagination that will entertain minds to whom the routine of existence has become for a time wearisome.

CHAPTER IV

HIS UNSETTLED YEARS

AT Edinburgh, as in college at Dublin, there seems to have been a certain conflict of opinion in regard to the young Irishman's attainments. While there is no reason to think that he ever was a scholar, yet it is evident that he secured the friendship and at times the admiration of men with whom he was thrown. In the Scotch capital he showed some talent for chemistry, and was remembered by his teacher; he made friends of several students who proved their worth by later eminence, and he came into contact with the better element of the city.

This acquaintance with good society may have been the excuse to Goldsmith for what seems to us a rather extravagant

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wardrobe. There still exists one of the young student's tailor bills that seems to a modern judgment to indicate the same taste for bright colors and dandified attire we have seen referred to again and again in accounts of the poet.

It should be remembered that our modern costume makes so little appeal to those about us that it is of comparatively slight importance what a man wears. We pay the very least attention to fabrics, colors, or the fashion of cloth, but in Goldsmith's day, the dress, even of men, demanded on the part of those who wished to cut a figure in society, as much attention as is given to the same question by a modern belle. There was no such thing as buying clothing ready-made, and tailors were supplied with a large variety of rich, brightly-colored fabrics expressly made to tempt their customers. Goldsmith, having much self-esteem with no advantages of person, would be readily induced to a certain dandyism of attire in the hope of securing that deference for which he always longed.

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The distinction between the upper and the lower classes was peculiarly sharp at that time. We have seen how widely the treatment of the two differed in the Church, and this was only typical of the varying consideration received by rich and poor everywhere else. It was a time of prosperity for the upper classes, and consequently a time of extravagance and pride of wealth.

It was not unnatural that a young man with so good an opinion of himself as Oliver evidently had, should try to secure social recognition by the only means open to him. Consequently we find, upon his old tailor bill such items as "sky-blue satin," (to follow the tailor's old-fashioned spelling), "clarett-colored cloth, superfine best white shalloon," and "Genoa velvet."

In Edinburgh Goldsmith remained from 1752 until early in 1754.

During his student days had taken place the sudden development of the English novel. Beginning in cruder form with Defoe's romances, the art of prose

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fiction reached near to perfection of form about 1740, with Samuel Richardson's "Pamela," the first English novel possessing "all the requisites of such a composition as the delineation of social life, real characters, probabilities and possibilities, and the working out of a regularly constructed plot." In 1748, the same bookseller, Richardson, brought out his "Clarissa Harlowe."

Meanwhile, Fielding, intending to make fun of Richardson, brought out "Joseph Andrews," burlesquing the prim virtue of Richardson's heroine by that of his unsophisticated hero. But Fielding's excursion into the field of novel-writing had given him a taste for this kind of composition, and in 1749 he wrote "Tom Jones," a work that great critics, including Gibbon, Byron, Macaulay, and Thackeray, have put at the head of all books of its class.

Meanwhile, the same school of writing had attracted Smollett, who was to write books second only to those of Fielding himself. The writing of these novels dur-

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ing Goldsmith's youth, had a serious effect upon his own career, since it helped to create a body of readers who demanded the work of many pens, and caused a rapid increase in the ranks of those who wrote for a living.

In 1748, while Goldsmith was still an undergraduate, died James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," whose "Castle of Indolence" had been published only that same year. Thomson's view of nature was in many respects a new one, because it minimized the human element and showed that in nature, apart from mankind, lay all the necessary elements of poetry.

Students of literature have traced the development of the modern view of nature in poetry to the reaction against the severely classical taste, from Thomson and Collins, through Gray to Goldsmith. "Gray," says Stopford Brooke, "established a standard of careful accuracy in natural description." Both Gray and Collins, however, required the human interest in their poems.

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Other poets of minor rank made this interest not only human but selfish. From such men as these Goldsmith may have learned to observe nature accurately and to delight in her scenes. But in Goldsmith's poems we shall find there is not the same feeling of the necessity of the human element. This elimination of mankind and of personal feeling from the love of nature was to complete the revolution in poetical method that had begun with Thomson.

Another form of composition which was destined to be of enormous influence, but to be absorbed into a still more effective species, was the periodical essay. Perhaps the briefest way to describe what is meant will be to cite the universally known "Spectator." This periodical, after issuing five hundred and fifty-five numbers, came to an end in 1712, to be revived again in 1714. Subsequently it had a number of successors, such as the "Tatler" and the "Guardian."

In 1750 Boswell declares bombastically that Johnson "came forth in a character

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for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom"; that is, to state the plain fact, he published the "Rambler," which continued for about two years and helped to carry on the tradition of these little journals to the day when Goldsmith attempted the same sort of thing in "The Bee." Of course it was inevitable that the modern development of the daily paper should put an end to these minor publications.

Among matters that must have been more or less discussed during this year certainly must be counted, in foreign affairs, the founding of the city of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, as a means of controlling the great harbor which the French had found the year before was so advantageous for fitting out an expedition.

To induce soldiers to colonize the new settlement large grants of land were made with freedom from taxation, for a period of years. The project was successful, and created a great stronghold in the new world.

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In London there were three topics that certainly attracted public attention. The state of the prisons at this time, as we know from the investigations of the few philanthropists who dared brave their horrors, was unutterably bad, and the magistrates at Sessions House received proof of this in the month of May, when over sixty deaths, including two judges, a lord mayor, and several jurymen, occurred through jail-fever caught from the prisoners. There is hardly an imaginable evil that did not exist in the loathsome jails of these days, and that Goldsmith knew of their condition we are aware by the prison scenes in his "Vicar."

Earlier in the same year had occurred two distinct shocks of earthquake that had done considerable damage; and toward the end of the year, Londoners went to view with pride the new Westminster Bridge, which, about the middle of November, was opened to the public—the second stone bridge to be thrown across the Thames. Along the sides of the great

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structure were high parapets, which foreigners declared were built to provide against the Englishman's proclivity to commit suicide!

It was in 1751, the year of Goldsmith's rejection by the Bishop, that saw the publication of Gray's "Elegy," and was notable in America for the philosophical experiments of Benjamin Franklin, and, in India, for the marvelous rise to power of young Clive.

The Mogul empire, founded by Tamerlane, had grown until Aurungzebe ruled nearly the whole peninsula. In 1707, Aurungzebe's death broke up the empire, and the European nations—Portuguese, French, and Dutch—struggled for a share of the fragments. The Frenchman, Dupleix, attempted to found a French empire in India, and met with no serious opposition until the English joined those natives who opposed him. Robert Clive was a young clerk in the service of the East India Company, and when he flung down the pen to lead the natives against the trium-

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phant French forces, the tide of fortune, hitherto in favor of Dupleix, was suddenly turned by the "valor and genius of an obscure English youth."

Clive was about twenty-five, and at the head of two hundred English soldiers and three hundred Sepoys he captured Arcot, a fort that he then held against some ten thousand men, with a brilliant valor well painted by Macaulay in his great essay. From this beginning, Clive's rise was so rapid as to be almost without a parallel, and to him as much as to any one man is due the existence of the English empire in India.

Another event that is to be particularly noted by the reader of history is the change in the calendar which in this year was resolved upon, and which began, in 1752, the change from the Old to the New Style. The new year was to begin on January 1st instead of March 25th. In order to bring the calendar of England into agreement with that used since 1582 upon the Continent, it was necessary to drop out eleven

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days, and this was done by calling September 3, 1752, September 14th.

To the common people it seemed that the government was in some way robbing them of more than a week, and there were in consequence a number of tumults in which were heard the cries, "Give us back our eleven days!"

Some slight remnant of a similar misunderstanding will be remembered as existing in our own country at the time of the adoption of the new system for standardizing the time of day. In those places where it was necessary to drop a few minutes, for uniformity, there was considerable discussion as to whether this time were lost.

As a contrast to the confusion of mind indicated by these absurd disturbances over a mere change of wording, we may look upon the work of Benjamin Franklin in America. By applying the genius of plain common sense to the observation of nature, the American philosopher discovered the general laws that regulate the

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course of storms over the American continent, and also made valuable observations upon the Gulf Stream—to name only two of his most prominent services to mankind.

In fact, the most distinctive mark of the eighteenth century is well typified in Benjamin Franklin. It was a time when acute intellects were taking stock of the world's wealth of knowledge, and devising means by which that knowledge could be put to human service.

In 1751 were born the great orator, dramatist, and wit, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and John Scott, afterward the great Chancellor, Lord Eldon. The latter began his career by paying every penny of his wife's portion—all the money the young couple had—as the first of the fees required at his entrance upon the course of reading for the bar—an indication of superb confidence in himself.

In November of 1752 was born Thomas Chatterton, the posthumous son of a poor schoolmaster, whose widow had been left penniless. The early years of Chatterton

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resembled those of Goldsmith in that both were considered blockheads. Chatterton's awakening to intelligence came from his admiration of some beautifully illuminated initials in an old manuscript. It is said that he learned to read from the pages of a black-letter Bible, a curious circumstance in the life of one who gave to the forgery of ancient literature a genius that might have won him honest fame in happier circumstances.

While Goldsmith was yet in Edinburgh, the British Museum was begun, through the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, celebrated as a physician and naturalist. This Irish, Ulster County Protestant had been a distinguished naturalist, making among other notable collections a herbarium of the Island of Jamaica. He had acquired also fifty thousand books and numerous manuscripts. At his death the accumulations of his lifetime work were offered to the nation for twenty thousand pounds, to be paid to his daughters, an amount said to be considerably less than half their value.

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It was believed that the opportunity should not be lost by the Parliament, and an act was passed providing for the raising of three hundred thousand pounds to buy the Sloane collection, the Harleian collection, and the Cottonian manuscripts, historical works of the greatest value. For many years after this time, lotteries were considered entirely legitimate as a means of raising funds for public enterprises.

The last of the Dukes of Montague had died a few years before, leaving an enormous mansion that had come into the market, and now Montague House was bought for the reception of those great public collections, and these became the nucleus of the British Museum. What that is to-day, the world knows. Nowhere else are the treasures of the world so completely represented, and from the remotest corners of the world loyal Britons are always bringing new acquisitions to swell the great aggregation that is the national pride. No event of the time, if truly weighed, can compare in far-reaching

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importance with the creation of this great storehouse of wisdom and treasury of knowledge for all succeeding generations of Englishmen.

In 1754, by the month of February, Goldsmith had either become restless or in some way involved at Edinburgh, for he decided to make a trip abroad, persuading his family that he could not but profit greatly by the medical instruction to be obtained in Europe. Once again he received what aid the family could spare, twenty pounds having been contributed by his generous Uncle Contarine.

Just as he was about to depart, we are told that he was arrested on account of having become security for a fellow-student, and was only enabled to set sail by the liberal assistance of two good friends. This foreign trip begins a new episode in his whimsical career.

CHAPTER V

STUDENT AND WANDER DAYS

WE have certain little sketches of the times in Scotland that help to make Goldsmith's life there more understandable. Thus, in writing of the first boarding-place he had chosen in Edinburgh, there is an amusing paragraph relating how an economical landlady would make a joint last her boarders for a week, and yet save enough out of it to manufacture a broth on the seventh day, when "the landlady rested from her labors." This final touch of humor shows that the Goldsmith of those days had the same humorous genius that illuminates his later writings.

We know, both from his letters and from other accounts, that the conviviality and tavern merrymakings of which we have

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seen something in accounts of the early days of Scott a generation later, were, in Goldsmith's time, even more common among the students, and there is nothing to encourage the belief that Goldsmith avoided the frolics of his fellow-countrymen, where he would be, as Irving reminds us, a prime favorite because of his good humor, wit, ability to sing songs, and talent for story-telling. Gambling was, of course, exceedingly common at the time among all who made a pretense of fashion and were not straitlaced.

In excusing himself for not writing to his old friend, Bryanton, we find a comparison, natural enough at the time, perhaps, but one that to us speaks of a past custom. Goldsmith writes: "No turn-spit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write, yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address".

The same letter goes on to tell us of the dismal Scotch landscape, treeless, brookless; but the Scotch people are praised

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for serious purpose in life and for their activity, the Scotch women for their good looks.

Another side glance tells us of the dismal formality of a Scotch dancing party, from the stiff minuet to the country dances in which there is no conversation between the men and women.

The next two years in Goldsmith's life were spent in a sort of knight-errantry of learning. As of old the free lance of chivalry set forth with no other purpose than to add to his experience of life and his fame as a warrior, so Goldsmith, leaving the University at Edinburgh under the pretext, or with the excuse, of completing his education, found the earliest opportunity to journey the highways and byways of Europe with no other purpose than to improve his mind by the contemplation of mankind under various conditions.

The motive of his journey might at first seem no more than the restlessness of his character, but a careful examination of

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his works has in many cases explained acts not otherwise understandable, and it has been pointed out by his biographers that Goldsmith showed in his "Enquiry into the Polite State of Learning" an intense admiration for a famous Dane, Baron Holberg, who not only begged his way through school, but at the age of seventeen set out to see the world by making a tour of Europe on foot, with no other support than ability to sing, and to teach a few branches of learning. In telling of Holberg's career, Goldsmith concludes with the statement that this "life begun in contempt and penury, ended in opulence and esteem."

The death of Holberg occurred in 1754, and Goldsmith's journey was undertaken in the following month. The connection between the two journeys certainly seems very close.

But before Goldsmith was able to leave England, we are told by himself that a storm brought their vessel to take refuge in the harbor of Newcastle, where he and

seven companions were arrested and accused of trying to raise soldiers in Scotland for the French army, an enterprise of which his companions were probably guilty. After two weeks, all were released, and the journey must have been resumed, for we know that early in the summer Goldsmith was pursuing his studies at Leyden.

It was during these experiences of Goldsmith that there came the first serious strife between France and England in America, France possessing the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and claiming control of the whole course of that river. Having also Louisiana, and claiming likewise the Mississippi up to its source, a dominion that in those days might well serve as excuse for holding nearly the whole continent westward of the extreme coast, she sought to monopolize trade with the Indians, and to confine the English colonists closely to the coast settlements. In order to make good her claims, France meant to build a long system of fortresses, and had already

established Fort Du Quesne, on the present site of Pittsburgh.

It was during the attempt of the English to take this stronghold that Washington made his first military campaign. This was his first appearance in any prominent way in colonial affairs. Six years earlier, he had been surveying the property of Lord Fairfax, in Virginia; three years before he had made a trip to the Barbadoes with an invalid brother. Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent Washington against the French post, and Washington, after building the little stronghold known as Fort Necessity, was there besieged and at last forced to surrender. During the next year, Washington resigned from the army because of an order making the holder of any royal commission the superior of any colonial officer, but, fortunately, the young Virginian was selected to serve on the staff of General Braddock, in which capacity we shall next hear of him.

While Goldsmith was still a student at Leyden, pursuing more or less seriously

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his medical studies, the war between France and England in America became inevitable. In June of this year we see Benjamin Franklin proposing in the city of Albany a union of the colonies for their mutual protection; but apparently the time was not yet ripe for that.

Other events that took place during Goldsmith's ten months at Leyden University were the appearance of David Hume's *History of the Stuarts*, the first volume of his *History of England*. Hume was then several years over forty, had been a lawyer, and a merchant, but had been led by his studious habits to philosophical and historical writing. The influence of this brilliant and hard-headed Scotchman was far reaching, leading, it is thought, to the philosophy of Kant and the political economy of Adam Smith.

In the fall of the same year occurred at Lisbon the death of Henry Fielding, the novelist, who, beginning with the intention of writing a parody upon Richardson's sentimental romances, had securely fixed

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for many years the type that was to control the creation of English fiction.

In America, the same time was notable for the founding of King's College, which, after the Revolution, was to become Columbia. The whole population of the English colonies in America was not much under fifteen hundred thousand, nearly three hundred thousand being negroes; a thousand slaves being held in Boston alone, while in New York City the slaves formed a sixth of the population, in Philadelphia, a quarter of it. But the colonists, though still looking to the mother country for assistance in their trouble with France, were learning their own power, contributing freely men and money to form an effective militia.

Just about a year after coming to the Continent, induced, as has been said, by the death in Leyden of Baron Holberg, Goldsmith set out upon his walking-tour, relying upon his skill as a flute-player, and as a disputant upon scholastic subjects. It is a characteristic touch that

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his small stock of cash nearly all went, upon the eve of his departure for Leyden, to buy some flower-bulbs as a present for his Uncle Contarine. This is a bit of improvidence that must have brought a smile to the lips of the recording angel. He was left with but a single gold-piece to provide the sinews of war for his European travels.

Of this trip there was once a record in his letters homè, but these have been long lost. As a result, in order to supply this lack of knowledge, recourse is had, usually, to that part of "The Vicar of Wakefield," where a similar expedition is described—that of a philosophical vagabond, who earned his lodging with the peasantry by a lively air played on the flute as he approached their homes at nightfall. There is no doubt some truth in the portrait, but not so much that we may depend upon it in all its details.

Recourse to this friend's memories of Goldsmith's conversations, shows that he was put to every shift to secure a lodging,

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sometimes going to convents and asking lodgings from the friars, sometimes sleeping, in true tramp-fashion, in barns, or by the roadsides, and, again, depending upon the admiration of scholars to secure him hospitality at the colleges and universities. It was not yet a disused custom to offer quarters to those poor scholars who could establish their right by brilliance in debate. We can construct a general picture of his tour only by bringing together the few references or memoranda relating to certain towns he is thought to have visited.

Forster, in his *Life*, speaks of Goldsmith's having taken a degree at Louvain University, and though the records of that institution were destroyed in the revolutionary wars, it is believed that he owed his title of doctor to this degree.

Other points he must have visited are Brussels, Maestricht, and Antwerp, notable for its strong fortifications. Then he entered France, where the peasantry are particularly hospitable. A sojourn in that country followed, where he is said

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to have been more prosperous—it it hinted because he was able to borrow money from the many students at its great universities. It may be, however, that his better circumstances were due to the fact that he acted as tutor to a rich but stingy young man, of whom we know nothing else.

Shrewd observer as he was, Goldsmith was impressed by the sharp contrast between the bold spirits of the French people and the virtual slavery in which they lived, predicting that the French were “imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom,” and declaring, “the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise.” Subsequently the same wandering life took him to Switzerland, and then to Italy.

It used to be said, relying upon a statement of his own, that he had met, during his visit to Paris, the great Voltaire; but the better opinion is that if the meeting took place, it must have been in Geneva, to which city Voltaire had then retired.

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Other distinguished men of letters he is said to have met are Diderot, the inventor of the "Encyclopedie," which was then in progress, and the witty Fontenelle, then almost a hundred years old. Although Goldsmith himself places this meeting at Paris, and depicts a combat of wit between Voltaire and Fontenelle, he was anything but accurate in matters of place and date.

In Italy, we hear of him in Piedmont and at Padua, the University of the latter city being a second claimant for the honor of giving him his medical degree. But the illness of his uncle Contarine cut off his most certain supplies, and after a futile attempt to raise money from other members of the family, Goldsmith felt that he must return to England, having first despatched to his brother Henry the rough sketch of the poem he was thereafter to elaborate into "The Traveller."

The return to his native land he thus describes: "I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if

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I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

In 1755, while Goldsmith, at the age of twenty-seven, was making his wander-year, war with France had begun, and had brought about a number of notable happenings in America.

Interest in the campaigns had probably caused the establishment of the North Carolina and the Connecticut Gazettes, so named in imitation of that Venetian paper which sold for a small coin, the gazetta, and thereby became the god-father of the whole group of "gazettes" that have followed.

The expedition of General Braddock against Fort Du Quesne is one of the happenings that is more notable for its results than for itself. Disregarding the advice of those colonists who knew the Indian and his methods of warfare, paying no attention to the wise warnings of those who foresaw the difficulties of his enterprise, General Braddock declared: "These savages may indeed be a for-

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midable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." These very words were used to Benjamin Franklin, when he tried to tell Braddock of the danger that the Indians would ambuscade his long line of march. Franklin tells us of the panic flight that followed, and history gives to Washington, serving as a volunteer on Braddock's staff, the credit of bringing off the few survivors. Braddock lost two-thirds of his forces, and even the rear guard under Colonel Dunbar retreated after destroying the stores and ammunition. Franklin shrewdly writes: "This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted idea of the prowess of British regular troops had not been well founded."

To this same period belongs the expulsion from Acadia of the French settlers, as described in Longfellow's "Evangeline." From the "Evangeline" point of view, this was a piece of heartless and

revolting cruelty, but when it is remembered that these French settlers were really under a pledge of neutrality, and yet that through their alliance with the Indian tribes they made themselves exceedingly troublesome and even dangerous to the English, it may be seen that the necessities of war required their removal and deportation. The method of removal, of course, is open to criticism, but one can hardly blame the English authorities if they considered that these settlers by their treachery had forfeited the right to consideration.

There were a number of engagements and expeditions during this colonial warfare, resulting in the building of various strongholds, such as the fort erected at the head of Lake George and those that were put up at Oswego; and the efforts of the militia were instrumental in bringing about a mutual reliance among the thirteen colonies that was to render their opposition to the mother country formidable and effective. The control of

affairs in Pennsylvania, as the result of the disputes in the legislature concerning supplies and preparations for war, was relinquished by the society of Friends, and Quaker rule of that community was thus ended.

This year appeared Johnson's dictionary, that mighty monument to the learning of one man, and one of those with whom Goldsmith was afterwards to enjoy an intimate friendship.

In Europe the year was notable for that stupendous and disastrous earthquake at Lisbon on the first of November, a date at which Goldsmith was still in Europe, probably in Italy. The city had been visited before by many shocks of earthquake, but these were comparatively trivial. From an old encyclopedia we take the following brief description of this unparalleled disaster:

"In six minutes over sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired, and then rolled in fifty feet above its usual level; the largest mountains in Portugal

rocked and split asunder, sending forth flames and clouds of dust. In Morocco, it is said that the earth opened and swallowed up ten thousand persons, with their homes, and closed over them. The shock was felt in nearly all of Europe, in North Africa, and even in the West Indies."

It will be seen that even the destruction wrought by the eruption of Mount Pelée in our own times was less appalling, though there are recorded a few disasters as great—such, for instance, as the earthquake in 1693, in Sicily, which is said to have destroyed a hundred thousand persons. The contemporary descriptions of the destruction of Lisbon are most horrifying, but are not unlike those of similar events in every age.

Perhaps this sentence of one eye-witness best describes the inhabitants' state of mind: "Nobody wept," says he; "it was beyond tears; they ran hither and thither, delirious with horror and astonishment, crying. 'Misericorde, the world's at an end.'"

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The horror of this disaster appealed so strongly to the English that Parliament voted a hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the Lisbon sufferers.

CHAPTER VI

SEEKING A LIVELIHOOD

It was probably something more than a coincidence that the month of February seemed at this time to be fraught with changes for Goldsmith. In February of 1749 he finished his career at Trinity; in February of 1754 he left England for the Continent; in February of the next year he left Leyden and wandered through Flanders, France, and Switzerland; in February of 1756, on the first of the month, we find him stepping ashore at Dover, after two years' absence from his native land. Where there is a touch of restlessness in the blood, a gypsy spirit, it is awakened to life by the coming of spring; and, besides, it is the end of winter that makes changes seem more feasible by inviting to outdoor life.

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It is noted that he had not a farthing in his pocket upon his return to England, but little is said of the wealth he had acquired by observation of mankind and the world; and although the lack of money was something of an inconvenience, the journey to London was no more difficult than many a stage in his European wanderings.

Within a fortnight, perhaps by the aid of his music, he entered London, a few months over twenty-seven years of age, and thereafter found the world of London wide enough to satisfy even his nomadic spirit; for in London for the rest of his life he remained, except for a brief visit to Paris, brought about probably by the wish to accompany some friends.

It must be remembered, in estimating Goldsmith's state of destitution, that his long-suffering uncle Contarine was dead, that his family were unable or unwilling to assist him, and that he was an Irishman, a circumstance he declares "sufficient to keep me unemployed." A pen-

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nilless, friendless vagabond, he was put to every shift to make a bare living.

We are tempted again to make conjectures of his adventures, based upon the "Adventures of a Strolling Player," which he afterwards wrote, probably drawing a picture from his own experiences in this year of 1756. Another place in which he has made use of the recollections of these days of hardship is in the story told by George Primrose to his father, the Vicar, in Chapter XX of his novel.

It would be a serious mistake to follow either account too literally, for, certainly, if we cannot rely upon Goldsmith's accounts in his letters of his actual adventures, we must beware of taking his avowed fiction for his autobiography. The ingenuity that has been expended to find out just exactly what Goldsmith was about in the first two weeks after his return to England has been largely wasted. He may have asked for employment with a country apothecary, or have performed with a troupe of strolling players; he may have

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simply begged his way; but the period was so short it is of only the slightest importance how he covered the few miles to London.

Under stress of dire need for reaching the city, it would seem he could have been there within three or four days; and that he took until the middle of February simply showed that he had no reason for hurrying to the metropolis. And when he at last found himself in what Forster calls the "lonely, terrible streets of London," he was, if anything, less likely to find employment than when making his way along the road travelled so many years before by pilgrims returning from the shrine of Thomas à Becket to London.

Irving tells us how, in later years, Goldsmith "startled a polite circle" by dating an anecdote as happening about the time he "lived among the beggars of Axe Lane." These references to his past life are compared by his biographer, Forster, to Napoleon's similar references to his having been a young and obscure lieu-

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tenant, when, as Emperor, he was hobnobbing with crowned heads.

His earlier days in London seem to have been spent as a vagabond. We first find him at regular work earning a bare existence as an usher, or under teacher, in a school, a position he secured under an assumed name, owing to the kindly recommendation of one of his old friends in the Irish university.

This second step seems more dignified, though little more remunerative, for as under tutor in a second-rate school, he was so bullied by the master, tormented by the boys, and hated by the mistress, that he makes *George Primrose* declare he had rather be an under turnkey at Newgate.

He next tried to get work from the apothecaries as a maker of pills, plasters, and potions, and then, by promotion, he became a sort of physician in a small way. His fees were little or nothing, since his patients were as poor as himself, and at last he is glad to take the suggestion of a

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printer patient and to call upon Mr. Samuel Richardson, the printer novelist. From Richardson he secured work as a reader and corrector of the press, and from an old fellow-student, Dr. Farr, we learn that Goldsmith was then engaged in the composition of a tragedy that, so far as is known, was never completed. Farr tells us how Goldsmith came into his rooms one morning before breakfast to read aloud his play, and how humbly he crossed out whatever his friend found faulty, until, learning that the novelist, Richardson, had heard part of the tragedy, Dr. Farr refused to criticise the work.

That this dramatic effort was only one of his wild projects, we learn from Farr's recollection that Goldsmith declared during the same visit that he had thought of going to make an expedition for the purpose of deciphering some Arabic inscriptions, for no better reason than that a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year had been left by some one for that purpose.

Certain more important experiences as

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a teacher occurred subsequent to his reading for Richardson, and the work as described in the pages of this authority seems not uncongenial. We are told that, as tutor, Goldsmith was very fond of practical jokes, enjoyed his own, and bore without resentment those played upon him in return. We have a specimen of one of Goldsmith's tricks, but it is of so trivial a nature that it not worth quoting, being merely the writing of a pretended letter from a servant maid to her discarded suitor.

A second anecdote tells of the making of a candle out of Cheshire cheese and challenging some dupe to devour candles, Goldsmith eating the one made of cheese, while his adversary was eating a tallow candle.

We shall lose nothing by forgetting these; but we may remember to his credit that he is said to have used his meagre pay to relieve beggars and to buy sweetmeats for children.

These anecdotes of his stay at the school are told on the authority of Miss Milner,

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daughter of the proprietor, but there is every reason to suppose this time one of the hardest and most disagreeable periods in Goldsmith's lonely and cheerless life. Not only do we learn his opinion of the under teacher's sufferings from the accounts of George Primrose, in the "Vicar," but also from the essay on "Education" in his little periodical "The Bee." The latter contains recommendations for increasing the pay to teachers and for giving them more importance in the community. The arguments in this essay are not much less applicable to-day than they were in Goldsmith's time; the profession of teaching, which should be one of the most respected and best paid, is still almost at the foot of the list, whether as regards fame or money. Only its requirements have been notably raised.

This employment at Dr. Milner's brought about the first serious attempts of Dr. Goldsmith to become an author. Milner wrote for a periodical called *The Monthly Review*, but, happening, because

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of a rival periodical, to need more reviewers, Griffiths, the editor of this periodical, heard of Goldsmith, or met him at Milner's table, asked for a specimen of his work, and at last engaged his services for a year at a salary large enough to permit him to give all his time to writing.

Forster declares that this literary work was taken up by Goldsmith as a last resource. It seems more likely that to a man sensitive, ungainly, often the butt of ill-natured joking, impatient of authority, even a poor living, with the independence that belongs to the profession of a writer, was far preferable to the position that he held in the Milner school.

Forster points his criticism by a brief list of the writers of the time and their misfortunes, telling us how Fielding had died poor a few years before, how Collins had lost both life and reason even more recently, while Smollett was toughly fighting for his every day's existence (being chief reviewer for the periodical that rivaled Griffiths's), and Johnson, within but a

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few months, had been imprisoned for debt. The only exception to this catalogue of failure was Richardson, and even he was earning money by trade, being printer as well as author.

A reason for this suffering is given in the state of letters. The old fashion of writing under the patronage of a distinguished name was almost past: a proof of this that will never be forgotten is Johnson's bitterly sarcastic letter to the lord who offered his patronage only after the Dictionary had shown itself able to thrive without a patron.

Together with his change of profession came a change of residence, for Goldsmith was boarded and lodged by Griffiths, the bookseller and editor of *The Monthly Review*. Although the contract drawn for a year lasted no longer than five months, this was the real beginning of Goldsmith's life as a professional author, and in this profession he continued to work until the end of his days.

The year 1757 becomes another milestone in the story of his life, standing by

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which we may turn to look about us in order to understand something of the country through which he has been plodding onward.

In the year 1756, when Goldsmith arrived in London, the building of Whitefield's Methodist Chapel was just begun, and it was opened the end of the same year, a notable sign of the progress of Methodism. There was not any other new building of importance in the city, except the King's Bench Prison, until 1758.

In the summer of 1756 public attention was concentrated upon the trouble with France, war being declared about the middle of May—the Seven Years' War. The other important events of this time included the calling to office of William Pitt, the failure of Admiral Byng to relieve Minorca, when sent to drive away the French fleet, and his subsequent trial and execution, which Voltaire wittily declared was "*pour encourager les autres*" to exhibit the enterprise lacking in this innocent scapegoat.

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In India the year was notable for the horrors, still remembered, of the Black Hole of Calcutta, where the Nabob of Bengal (possibly by the malice or ignorance of his soldiery) imprisoned nearly a hundred and fifty men and women, of whom only twenty-three were alive in the morning.

An event which attracted probably little attention at the time was Mr. Canton's scientific study of the magnetic needle, when four thousand experiments were made to find the cause of its daily variation. But it was full of importance for the future.

In 1757 occurred the most important of Clive's campaigns, the ever memorable victory of the battle of Plassey which assured to the English control over India. The British forces under Clive amounted to no more than three thousand men, and they decisively defeated the Bengal army of over fifty thousand. The battle was fought under two young men, Clive being thirty-one years of age, and his opponent Surajah Dowlah, being less than twenty.

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The fall of Calcutta and the subsequent outrage upon the English prisoners caused the sending of an expedition under the command of Clive to punish the Surajah. Clive began so vigorously that when he had recovered Calcutta, the Nabob made overtures for peace, and the negotiation that followed is said by Macaulay to have been the beginning of Clive's career as a statesman. When negotiations were unsatisfactory, military operations were resumed. But the rapid changes from diplomacy to war and back again require all of Macaulay's skill to weld them into a clear narrative, and we have to do only with the fact that at last the forces of the two powers were drawn up against one another near Plassey, and at sunrise on the 23rd of June, the Indian infantry with fifty pieces of ordinance drawn by oxen and pushed by elephants—fifteen thousand cavalry and forty thousand infantry—advanced against the English army consisting of a thousand Englishmen and two thousand natives. The English artillery

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was aimed so well that many of the Surajah's officers were killed. A treacherous lieutenant suggested that he retreat, and this advice being taken, his fate was sealed. In an hour, Surajah Dowlah's army was dispersed, and Macaulay tells us that "with the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and had subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain." Surajah Dowlah fled in disguise, was captured by the new Nabob whom Clive supported, and was put to death.

Merely to complete the record we name certain contemporary happenings.

The death of William Whitehead, on December 19, while Goldsmith was still busy with his hack-writing in the house of Mr. Griffiths, would not be necessary to note except that this William Whitehead was then poet laureate.

The effect of the Seven Years' War upon America was widespread, for, as usual, the French authorities never scrupled to

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employ the Indians against the English settlers, and the passing of the control in Pennsylvania from Quaker hands is emphasized by the offer of large rewards by the Pennsylvania Assembly for Indian prisoners and scalps. But in 1757 comes a proof that the Quakers still retained considerable influence, since they are credited with a peace signed at Lancaster between Pennsylvania, the Six Nations, and the Delaware Indians.

The Marquis de Montcalm, in 1756, captured Oswego, and thus gained control of Lake Ontario. The next year the same General captured Fort William Henry which had been built by Sir William Johnson two years before this time, and here occurred that massacre of prisoners that so horrified all the English colonists. But when, in 1757, William Pitt becomes Prime Minister of Great Britain, greater vigor is at once shown in the prosecution of the war in America.

At this time Philadelphia is the largest of the American cities, exceeding New

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York by a thousand inhabitants and having a total of thirteen thousand. In the census of 1900 there are a hundred cities having over thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and the smallest of these, Birmingham, Alabama (a city that has grown with surprising rapidity since), had nearly three times the population of America's greatest city when Goldsmith began his career as a writer in London.

CHAPTER VII

THE LONDON TO WHICH GOLDSMITH CAME

During the period of Goldsmith's literary life in London there were comparatively few occurrences in the world outside that were of sufficient moment to influence profoundly the social lives of English citizens, though as a nation England wonderfully flourished.

Frederic Harrison, in his essay upon the "Eighteenth Century," declares that these years of "non-invention and rest are, for Englishmen at least, typical years" of the time. It was a period of industrial prosperity, when English commerce flourished and English industry was diversified and profitable. The public measures of the time were meant to further the interest of the great middle class, rather

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than that of the crowd or the aristocracy. The increase of wealth at home, causing many enterprising men to go into trade, stimulated British commerce, and as an aid to its extension brought about the acquisition of much territory.

Again to quote Harrison, from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, the number of subjects ruled by the king of England increased fifty-fold or more. America, the Indies, and, later, the island-continent of Australia, were the chief fields for the development of English trade.

Becoming a country of manufactures rather than of farming, naturally sent the population to large centres, increasing towns and cities and causing the decay of small hamlets and country villages. Back of all this change in material things were the men of brains who made it possible; men of science, inventors, philosophers, and even the despised scribblers who were teaching the many so as to render them more capable of taking part in the great improvements of the time.

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The general education of the people was undoubtedly brought about by the press, and no inconsiderable part of that education was due to the broadening of mind fostered by such writers as Goldsmith had become.

The London in which he had now cast his lot was a small town when compared to the great metropolitan nation that has gathered around the nucleus that then existed. Goldsmith's London still hovered along the banks of the Thames, about the bridges, of which only London Bridge and Blackfriars were built, until late in the century; about the Cathedral, the Abbey, the Tower, and the highways the most immediate needs of the people had made. The architects of the time were just beginning to realize what must be the laws regulating the growth of their great city. The old gates still existed in Goldsmith's early London days, though their reason for being had ceased and they were in a few years to be up at auction. The whole city could be easily grasped in the minds

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of its residents, and there was still possible toward London such local patriotism as we see strongly developed in Samuel Johnson and in William Hogarth, the one a scholar and the other a satirist.

Not beyond a short walk from the river the farm-like suburbs began abruptly, and even within the line of the city walls the gardens that made Shakespeare's London beautiful and granted their quiet to Milton yet had representatives in all quarters of the city save its very centre.

Owing to the small number of stories in most of the houses, the population was far short of what the same area of city property accommodates at the present time. The neat paving now looked upon as indispensable in all cities of the slightest pretention, was then confined to a few of the busiest thoroughfares.

There was comparatively little traffic, goods and merchandise being conveyed in great wagons not unlike those that we have seen used by the emigrants upon our Western plains. Carriages were so

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rare as to be used only by the richest nobles or by great officials. Sedan-chairs, or small boxes carried by long poles thrust through staples at the side, gave fashionable women or the more particular dandies a ready means of getting about when in full dress.

The short breeches, long waistcoats, and coats without lapels, were the usual costume of men; and the sword was not rare on occasions of full dress, though the cane was beginning to take its place among men of the city. The costume is, in general, familiar to Americans from the pictures of our own colonial days, when of course much the same fashions were worn.

The type of woman's costume of the time that occurs to us most readily is the short skirt, the over-dress, the close-fitting bodice, the mob cap, high-heeled shoes. All these are hardly strange enough to be unfamiliar. To judge by Hogarth's pictures, the women of the time were very fond of tying light shawls across their

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shoulders, and of covering their heads with caps or coifs; and their shawls, caps, and wraps were often of bright colors. The wearing of elaborate headdresses by the women, and absurd great wigs by the men, is a fashion most difficult for us to understand.

History records a thousand inventions and discoveries giving us reasons for gratitude to the greater men of this time. Such men and their achievements must not be forgotten when we call to mind the faults and demerits that have been lessened in our own times. Drinking was widespread and did not yet find it necessary to avoid public observation. Gambling was almost universal, and there was a general coarseness of public morals that we may see depicted in the pages of the novelists, and the works of William Hogarth and the caricaturists of the day.

There was, however, a public sentiment arrayed against the worst evils. Something has been said already about Methodism, and this was but one form of

the desire for better standards of living. It will be seen by reading the chronicles of the time, the biographies, the essays, the periodicals, that the greater part of the questions of the day dealt with matters of major or minor morals.

Students of social conditions ascribe the characteristic tone that prevailed in English society at this time—the latter part of the eighteenth century—to the admiration, whether expressed or denied, for French standards. Of course there was still plenty of the English insularity that derided foreign ways, but the influence of the court and the aristocracy, of the literature and the stage, was in favor of the adoption of continental niceties in dress, behavior, and in matters of taste.

The fashionable form of the literature of the day was the essay, and it requires but few steps to trace the parentage of Dr. Johnson's "Rambler" or "Idler" and Goldsmith's "Bee," back through the "Spectator" and Sir William Temple, to the French who succeeded or imitated Montaigne.

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It must not be supposed that the English forms of these fashions in life and in literature directly imitated the French, but rather that they were inspired by them. Another channel of this influence lay through Scotland, where political questions had so recently brought about a close connection between the Scotch Jacobites and the French who favored the House of Stuart.

We are told that it was a period when every day or two brought a new periodical—a state of things that it is not difficult for us of to-day to understand, since we see something very similar in our own time. The success of a few magazines invites to speculation those who do not understand that in the long run there is no holding the public except by genuine merit, and that genuine merit in literature must ever be a rare thing.

Forster tells us that a few years before Goldsmith's beginning work with the Griffiths, fifty-five papers were regularly published every week. The periodical Mr.

Griffiths published was called "The Monthly Review," and we are told by one of Goldsmith's letters that the publisher and his wife had no scruple in revising his copy. And that this was publicly known we learn from a sarcastic criticism by Smollett, who, in contrasting his own "Critical Review" with Goldsmith's periodical declared that the principal writers of his magazine "are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other."

From a copy of the "Review" which had been marked by the publisher, it is possible to pick out a few of Goldsmith's articles, but none of them seem to be of enough importance to be worth their rescue from the mass of unsigned articles except by the student of Goldsmith's literary growth. His estimate of the value of Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful" was just, dignified, and showed discrimination, and, as we know from Burke's own mouth, gave the brilliant Irish essayist much pleasure. Though

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we need not consider the value of Goldsmith's review of a book by Jonas Hanway, the mention of that author's name will recall to all the fact that he was the first man who dared to carry an umbrella in the streets of London despite the jeering of the populace.

Goldsmith's hours of work with the Griffiths do not seem to have been long, as he began work at about nine o'clock in the morning and wrote until two. He was mainly occupied in writing reviews, but, either through dissatisfaction with his magazine work, or because of a personal quarrel, his employer decided to give Goldsmith's regular work to another man named Kenrick, and Goldsmith was set adrift, though he still did some work for the "Review."

We find that his lodging at this time was a wretched garret near Salisbury Square, though the exact place where he lived is not known.

There were in London a number of coffee-houses that served much the same

purpose as the cafés of Paris, and at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar, Goldsmith met his friends, and, Howitt tells us, even prescribed now and then for a patient. This fact is known from several letters he dated from the coffee-house, and the fact that he frequented it, added to its being the spot at which the great London fire stopped, formed its titles to fame for more than a generation after Goldsmith's death.

It is not known exactly how long he continued translating from the French and doing other pieces of hack-work for Griffiths and others, but he is believed to have returned to his school work for a short time in the intervals of being a Grub Street author. We next trace him to a lodging not much more aristocratic in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, and though there was a little material advantage in the change, he at least was his own master and could not longer be reproved by his employer for leaving his desk before the day was done.

It was during his occupation of this garret that his brother Charles, believing, as Forster tells us, that Oliver must have achieved success, since he no longer demanded aid from home, came to share his brother's prosperity, only to find him as poor as himself. Here, by the aid of such hack-work as he could obtain, he lived for two years or more without accomplishing much that was notable in any respect. He had no money, no reputation, and no prospects, but his letters show that he still kept his inborn "knack of hoping."

The next step that marked a change in his circumstances was an attempt to secure an appointment as a medical officer in India, but before telling of this enterprise we will glance for a few moments at the events of the great world about him.

A notable event in the history of London City was the clearing of London Bridge. In the medieval pictures of the Bridge we shall see that it is lined from end to end with tall buildings that made

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up a little city in themselves. Thus in a view of London in 1616 we shall find buildings, of six stories or more, filling the whole length of the viaduct from one end to the other, and the popularity of these places for residence or storage appears from the fact that most of the other houses near by are no taller than three or four stories. As the traffic across the river, increased, having become entirely too great for ferriage, the demand for a wider roadway was irresistible, and the old-fashioned houses and shops had to be removed.

The growth of London at one period or another may be to a great extent estimated by its effect upon Thames traffic. In the earliest times the river was really superior in importance to the city upon its banks. In the Elizabethan days the importance of city and river was about equal in men's minds. The sports and outings of the Londoners were largely shaped by the nearness to the Thames, and we read of pageants upon its waters,

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of fugitives escaping from shore to ship, as is described by Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," and of adventurous courtiers risking their lives by "shooting" the rapids that run through the arches of the Bridge. This was considered so perilous that there is an old London proverb saying that "the Bridge was for wise men to go over and for fools to go under."

In Goldsmith's time traffic across the river had made a second bridge necessary, and the watermen who plied upon its surface were become of less importance, though they for many years formed a characteristic part of the London populace.

From the American point of view the most powerful figure in the history of England during these few years of Goldsmith's "penny-a-liner" work was William Pitt, who had been made Secretary of State during Goldsmith's first year in London, and who was at first in favor of thoroughly organizing an English militia that would make the employment of foreign merce-

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naries unnecessary. Although removed from office in 1757, Pitt soon came into power once more and gave every energy to destroying the power of the French. His course of action (apparently inconsistent with his earlier views), was to supply money to Frederick the Great in order that the French might be kept busy fighting Prussia, while the English fleet controlled the sea and English soldiers were sent to aid the colonists in America. A vigorous campaign was fought against Louisburg and Cape Breton, and these posts, as well as Fort Du Quesne, were taken. A memorial of the last victory and of Pitt remains to-day in the name, Pittsburgh, given to the old Fort Du Quesne when it passed into the control of England.

In these days Philadelphia had a population of a thousand more than New York could boast, New York's figures being twelve thousand. It is hard to realize that this shows New York to have been little larger than Cripple Creek, Colorado, is to-day, and that Philadelphia was about the present size of Denison, Texas.

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But, of course, in estimating the meaning of these figures, we must remember that the relative importance of these cities to the nation was probably even greater than to-day. The American colonies then, according to the historian Bancroft, included about a million and a half of people, and therefore New York City held about one one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth of the inhabitants. To-day, New York City holds one-twentieth of all the inhabitants, and yet occupies a position of probably less importance toward the country at large because of the relative growth of Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati, and even of Pittsburgh, now a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, then little more than a tiny outpost fort in the woods.

The American victories in 1758, although dimmed by the failure to take Ticonderoga, were extended the next year, when not only Ticonderoga, but Fort Niagara,

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was taken by the British, and Wolfe's magnificent victory over Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham resulted in the surrender of Quebec and gave Canada to England. Meanwhile the French had been defeated also by the great Rodney and by Hawke, and were compelled to give up their hope of invading England. On the Continent, also, the British were successful, winning the battle of Minden by the aid of the Hanoverians.

These brilliant victories are by John Richard Green attributed largely to the patriotic spirit aroused in England by Pitt. Macaulay says, "a succession of victories undoubtedly brilliant and, as it was thought, not barren, raised to the highest point the fame of the minister to whom the conduct of the war had been intrusted. . . The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the city, and were suspended in St. Paul's Church amidst the roar of guns and kettledrums, to the shouts of an immense multitude." We may be certain Goldsmith was in the witnessing throng.

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And when the fall of Quebec was announced in London, we are told in the same brilliant essay upon Earl Chatham, that every one talked and thought only of Pitt. In a few pages Macaulay gives us a most brilliant review of those events that followed the infusion of patriotism into the armies and navies of England. He tells how Canada was subjugated, the French fleets destroyed, and a mighty empire founded in India.

And with all these brilliant achievements abroad there went, at least for a time, the greatest prosperity at home. The merchants found their trade thriving, both in commerce and in manufactures. In his own glowing words Macaulay, like Green, finds the inspiration for these glorious years drawn from the splendid patriotism of Pitt. We must quote a few sentences, even though every reader will go to Macaulay for himself. "The ardor of his (Pitt's) soul," Macaulay writes, "had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged

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a cannon up the Heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships among the rocks of Brittany. . . The fops and intriguers of Versailles were appalled and bewildered by his vigor, and panic spread through all ranks of French society. Our enemies soon considered it a settled thing that they were always to be beaten. Thus victory begot victory, until at last wherever the forces of the two nations met, they met with disdainful countenances on the one side and with a craven fear on the other."

One is disposed to resent as boastful these two adjectives, but it should be remembered that the French were under the command of the aristocracy of the old régime, men whose traditions alone made them respectable, that there was in the French army and navy little opportunity for even the highest capacity if the possessor was not of noble birth, whereas the leaders of the English were sons or grandsons of those who had come through a great struggle for the rights which the

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French were able to secure only after a conflict that was still a whole generation in the future. There was among the English a sense of individuality, an awakening of ambition that was entirely absent among the French. To express the feeling of the English in an English phrase, every soldier felt that he was fighting "*on his own.*"

Such being the inspiration of the English, victories came so thick and fast that there is no room to record them here. The victory of Wolfe was followed within a year by one as decisive against the French in India at Wandewash, near Madras. It was fought in 1760, the year in which George II. died. Under Colonel Eyre Coote, the British soldiers conquered a French force, both being without native allies, and this battle greatly impressed the natives with the valor of the British, which hitherto they had supposed to be inferior to that of the French. This battle in India is often coupled with the taking of Quebec, as determining the superiority of Great Britain over France in America and in Asia.

CHAPTER VIII.

ESTABLISHED AS A WRITER

As these events bring us almost to the end of 1760, we must return for a while to the short and simple annals of poor Goldsmith, who was making a fight for life in his garret, dependent only upon the uncertain earnings that came from translating, odd jobs of reviewing, and miscellaneous contributions to the press.

In the early part of 1758 he had published "The Memoirs of a Protestant Doomed to the Gallies of France for his Religion." This had been written under an assumed name, and was a translation made for Griffiths, for whom he had also translated a novel.

But more important than these was the essay, "An Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe," which was

to come out under his own name. It appeared in 1759, and is said to have attracted attention, even in that time of many publications. Dr. Johnson, having finished his dictionary, was publishing from 1758 to 1760 the numbers of "The Idler," and not long after the appearance of Goldsmith's "Enquiry," more than one periodical of a similar kind engaged Goldsmith's services. He wrote many charming essays for "The Bee," a little magazine that had been started by a bookseller named Wilkie, and other articles for "The Ladies' Magazine" and "The Busybody," which three periodicals kept him enough employed to make a great improvement in his circumstances.

While the English authors were pleasing their public with like essays, we can see that the literature finding favor in America was of a more serious and a more practical caste, for these were days of "Poor Richard's Almanac," and saw also the publication of Jonathan Edwards's treatise on "Original Sin."

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There had been some attempt on Goldsmith's part to return to the medical profession, and he went to Surgeons' Hall, then in the Old Bailey, to stand examination. His usual luck followed him; he was rejected, and returned to literature like a bad penny. The only trace of this attempt to be appointed to the staff of some hospital is found in an old record-book of the College of Surgeons that records the fact that Oliver Goldsmith was found "not qualified."

When Goldsmith had it in mind to be examined for competency to take a post in the hospital, he was in such destitution that he had not a proper suit of clothes in which to appear before the examiners. His biographer, Forster, tells us that he made a bargain to review several books for his employer, Griffiths, provided Griffiths would become security for the needed clothing. Shortly after his rejection, Goldsmith seems to have pledged the books entrusted to him for review to raise money for the benefit of a poor woman, the wife

of his landlord. Then came a demand from Griffiths for the books or for repayment, and a letter from Goldsmith shows us that he was unable to satisfy his creditor.

The result of his quarrel with his publisher had been to make Goldsmith anxious to close all transactions with him. To pay for the suit of clothes and free himself of all debt to Griffiths, he agreed to write a Life of Voltaire to go with a new translation of Voltaire's poem, "The Henriade." These projects show us the sort of work upon which he was busied.

In these last two or three years are to be noted the births of Nelson, of Noah Webster, of Burns, and of Schiller, and the deaths of Handel and the poet Collins. To these days also belongs the publication of Dr. Johnson's ponderous fairy-story, written in a time of affliction to pay his mother's burial charges, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," as well as the first volumes of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," the masterpiece of irresponsibility.

We have records also of visits to Goldsmith by Smollett, Dr. Percy, and John

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Newbery, the publisher. A trifling matter not altogether without interest is that during 1760 names of residents were first put upon their doors in the city of London.

In October of this year occurred the accession of George III., which may fairly be recorded as the opening of a new epoch, especially as it is marked in the life of Goldsmith by the publication of "The Citizen of the World," his first really ambitious production; by his change of residence to Wine Office Court; and by the beginning of his responsible authorship, for hereafter there are no more attempts to give up the profession of letters.

There are plenty of signs that Goldsmith is beginning to make a name for himself in his own circles. His "Enquiry" had attracted sufficient attention to make it worth while for Griffiths to hire his critic, Kendrick, to attack Goldsmith's first publication; and we may be sure that the book had some circulation and was to some extent quoted, since Garrick resented a passage where Gold-

smith felt it necessary to complain of the neglect by managers of modern playwrights. We know that Garrick's resentment was more than a passing irritation, since it caused him to reject Goldsmith's application for the secretaryship of the Society of Arts.

Of the visits paid to him by Smollett and Newbery, we have already spoken, and their errand was to secure the rising writer as a contributor to the "British Magazine," a new monthly periodical. Newbery was also conducting a daily newspaper called "The Public Ledger," and for this Goldsmith wrote a series of letters inspired by the not altogether new notion of pretending to see his own world through the eyes of a foreigner, a species of satirical literature of which, perhaps, the best known example is the "Persian Letters" that had been published nearly forty years before. Of the letters which Goldsmith wrote in the person of a learned Chinese, more than a hundred appeared, making up the book now known as "The Citizen of

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the World.” It is to this series, probably, that we must ascribe the prosperity which enabled Goldsmith to move into Wine Office Court, to entertain his friends there, and to take some part in the social life of contemporary writers.

A biography of Goldsmith from which one does not see quotations as often as the volume merits is that written by William Black, the novelist, for the “English Men of Letters” series. It seems to me that of all who have attempted to give us correct ideas of Goldsmith’s character, Black comes nearest to the truth. “The Citizen of the World” contains a number of imaginary characters, one of whom, “The Man in Black,” described by Goldsmith as concealing a wonderfully kind heart under a forbidding exterior, is often regarded as being Goldsmith’s disguise for himself and his own opinions. But, as Black warns us, “to assume that any part of his history which he discloses to the Chinaman was a piece of autobiographical writing is a very hazardous thing. A

writer of fiction must necessarily use such materials as have come within his own experience." We shall not be safe to assume that any trait of character is Goldsmith's simply because we find it assumed by one of those characters whom critics have identified with him.

While he was still writing in Green Arbour Court, the glimpses that we have of his room and his occupations show that his lodgings were ill furnished, untidy, and uncomfortable, and his associates were those picked up haphazard in the neighborhood. We hear of his being compelled to sit upon his window-sill in order to give the single chair to his visitor.

We learn from the poet Prior that in 1820 certain old women declared that as little girls they had been treated to cake and sweetmeats by this poetical lodger, who played on the flute and who was fond of seeing them dance. The same authorities said that one of his favorite companions was a witty watchmaker who dwelt in the same court. A reminiscence

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of more vitality describes the coming of a publisher to Goldsmith's rooms in pursuit of some promised literary work, a controversy between the poet and the man of business conducted through the locked door, and finally a good-natured siege, alleviated by an excellent dinner, that resulted in forcing the poet to keep his promise of delivering the expected work.

But all these scenes are changed by the improvement in the writer's circumstances. The lodgings in Wine Office Court which he occupied for two years were said to be highly respectable, and we know them to have been frequented by many notables of the day. Dr. Percy, who compiled and edited the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," was a frequent visitor, and, as Masson tells us, "not only does Goldsmith frequent the theatres and taverns, attend meetings of the Society of Arts, and drop in on Monday evenings at the famous Robin Hood Debating Society in Butcher Row, but even 'receives' in his own lodgings."

On the last day of May, 1761, there is a memorable supper to which Samuel Johnson comes with Dr. Percy, and thus begins an intimacy that through the pen of Boswell has done more than anything to make Goldsmith better known to us. We are told that Dr. Johnson was dressed for the occasion with so much care and a nicety so unusual that Percy inquired the reason. Whereupon Johnson explained that Goldsmith had given as a justification for his own slovenly dress and lack of cleanliness the famous Johnson's disregard for appearances, and that this made the great lexicographer anxious to set a better example.

During the two years, 1761 and 1762, he continued to live in Wine Office Court his life may be described as one of busy days of work for the booksellers and evenings of pleasant intercourse with his friends. The list of works which he produced at this time comprised a pamphlet on that noted swindle, the Cock Lane Ghost, a History of Mecklenburg, a treat-

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ise on the Art of Poetry, an abridgment of Plutarch, and three or four other productions as varied. His earnings at this time amounted to about three hundred pounds a year, probably equivalent to three thousand dollars to-day. In fact, a chronicle of this portion of our author's life is little but a succession of literary grinding, followed by the earning and spending of small sums. Very often Goldsmith was in arrears of promised work, and then we have brief notes that passed between him and his publisher, usually Newbery, explaining why certain pieces of work were not accomplished.

As often happens when prosperity succeeds a period of poverty and depression, Goldsmith's health seems to have broken down for a while, and we hear that he went to Bath and Tunbury Wells, probably in the hope that change of air and scene would do him good. From his visit to Bath Goldsmith brought back material for a new work. Not long before had died the celebrated Beau Nash,

who had for so long reigned as undisputed monarch of social observances and master of ceremonies at that then most fashionable resort. "A Life of Nash" proved at once successful, and a second edition was called for within two months.

Instead of, or in addition to, his lodgings in London, Goldsmith also secured apartments in the suburbs of Islington, with or near his publisher, Newbery, under an arrangement that the rent, a sum equal to five hundred dollars a year to-day, should be paid by the publisher and deducted from Goldsmith's earnings. This country retreat he seemed to keep for two or three years, and here, if at all, it was that he wrote the little story, "Goody Two-Shoes." Here, also, he composed his "History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." This was a compilation from several well-known histories, but had the charm of Goldsmith's exquisite clarity of style. This book also became very popular and brought its author a fair sum of money.

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It was during his residence at Islington that Goldsmith made weekly visits to the Literary Club, where he was accustomed to meet Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. During these same years it is believed that he also enjoyed the friendship of Hogarth. It is noticeable throughout his life that whenever Goldsmith comes into more than the merest contact with the men of his time, he never fails to form an intimate friendship with them; and those who represent him as an under-sized, awkward, blundering oddity, might find it difficult to explain how he contrived to be welcomed as a member of one of the most brilliant circles of his day.

Neither were the men with whom he consorted such as to be blinded by present or future literary successes. Johnson was the very type of independence, Reynolds never hesitated to express himself freely and to act upon his own convictions, Hogarth was criticised by his friends often for his independence of temper, Garrick needed to court no man's favor; and yet

these, the ablest men of their time, had no hesitation in recognizing Goldsmith's right to a place among themselves.

Undoubtedly Goldsmith's growing intimacy with the notable men of his time henceforth brought him into much closer acquaintance with all public affairs.

The lodging at Islington was brought to a close under circumstances that in detail are differently described by different authors; but in the main points they agree. It is said that Goldsmith, being very greatly in debt and unable to procure any further advances from his publisher, was, in the presence of a number of friends, called upon by his landlady for payment of the amount due her. In hastily considering his resources he mentioned the manuscript of a novel which he had by him, and this story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," he turned over to Johnson as a means of raising cash.

By Johnson the manuscript was taken to Francis Newbery, the nephew of Goldsmith's publisher, and sold outright for

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enough to satisfy the most pressing of Goldsmith's creditors. The price received for the book was sixty pounds, which, upon the same scale of reckoning as is used in estimating previous amounts, may be considered as equal to six hundred dollars. The purchaser seems to have bought the book chiefly to oblige Johnson, for he kept it unpublished for nearly two years.

CHAPTER IX

HE ENTERS LITERARY SOCIETY

GOLDSMITH, by having made connections with several publishers, and especially with Newbery, now secured a position in the literary world that to one who had been a mere drudge ever since his return from Europe must have seemed one of ease and competence. He had written, it is true, only a few things that could be called important, but these were in a dignified style and had secured the approval of that small public which in those days was all-powerful in fixing an author's literary status.

Perhaps the most influential of all was the opinion of Johnson. It is true that we know of Johnson's opinions mainly through Boswell, and it is no less true that everything tends to show a petty jealousy

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of Goldsmith on the part of Johnson's biographer. In giving us a general idea of the appearance and demeanor of Goldsmith at this time, Boswell's animus is evident. He takes pleasure in representing the young Irishman as uncouth, homely, conceited, and presuming. But Boswell, above all things, was truthful, and he puts on record Johnson's warm praise of Goldsmith as a literary man, and his opinion that Goldsmith was one of the few who ranked highest then in England. "Dr. Goldsmith," said Johnson, "is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man, too."

If we knew nothing of his literary rank we might be sure of his increased importance in the world by the friendships he made. We find him, for instance, one of the guests at the table of Reynolds—a table worthy to be spread in Liberty Hall, for we are told that those who best knew the resources of the establishment were particularly careful to give their orders for food as soon as they arrived,

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knowing that if the order were delayed the provisions for the feast were likely to be entirely exhausted by the swarm of social locusts who settled down upon the land.

There is a story of intimacy, how great we do not know, between Hogarth, the painter, and Goldsmith; and some of the author's biographers have attempted to magnify this intimacy by arguing the probability that there was a similarity of tastes between him whose talent lay in depicting the everyday life of London at the time, and him whom we know to have been at work in constructing idyllic pictures of rural England.

The similarity seems greatly strained. Hogarth was of a bitterly satirical temper. The complete lack of appreciation shown him had given the artist a morbid assertion of his own claims to eminence, whereas, although Goldsmith seems to have been but little behind Hogarth in appreciation of his own talent, there is never among his recorded speeches or in his

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writings any hint of the bitterness that so deeply tinged Hogarth's character.

The pictures of Hogarth have become familiar from the volumes of engravings that have for many years been widely popular, and in them we have a mirror held up to nature, or, rather, to the sophisticated life of the time, that reflects more shades than lights. No one can go through the volumes of engravings from Hogarth's paintings without a hearty sense of thankfulness that we no longer are brought so closely into contact with scenes of vice, of misery, of cruelty, such as are portrayed by him. It is true that the satirist occasionally gives us a brighter picture. Now and then we learn that there were in those days men honored for philanthropy and individuals whose motives were pure and good; but these certainly seem to have been rarer than they are to-day.

Thackeray tells us he dares not assert that the men of his time were better than their grandfathers, but he claims that they were at all events more decent. Brutal

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pleasures were less often flaunted before the eyes of the whole world, vices were no longer considered matters of course. And we may follow Thackeray's example so far as to say that the development since his time has been in the same direction of betterment. The surface, at least, is kept cleaner than in the days of Thackeray, and Thackeray's days were an improvement over those of Goldsmith. Respectability may not be the highest of the virtues; but if John Wesley were justified in ranking cleanliness near to godliness, we may consider respectability as at least an approximation to real virtue.

There can be no better portrayal of these times than Boswell has given in his "Life of Johnson," a revivifying of old days that has really prolonged the age of Johnson into something like immortality. Every reader of English literature can without difficulty call up the scenes of which in these days, the last half of the eighteenth century, Goldsmith formed a part. The appearance of London, with its cobble-

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paved streets, its swinging lanterns to give light, its sedan-chairs for passengers, its heavy trucks for merchandise, would live in the pages of literature even had we not the works of many artists setting forth these scenes. We know the three-cornered hats, the straight-fronted coats with their wide skirts, the tie-wigs, the lace and ruffles of men's gala dress, the wide-spreading skirts, short bodice and elbow-sleeves, the towering coiffures of the fine ladies, no less than we know the mob cap, huge aprons, voluminous skirts, and loose bodices of the lower classes. The poets have kept alive for us the picturesque buckled shoon, the flowered waistcoats, the patches and powders—all the pageantry that typifies to us America in the colonial days, for we are almost down to our own Revolutionary times, and it must be repeated once more that in these old times, despite surface changes of minor fashion, the great mass of the people were conservative, and a form of hat or coat, a style of spencer or stomacher, remained

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in use sometimes for as long as a generation. Clothes were made to last, and were handed down as heirlooms. This, while undoubtedly having a romantic side, had also a side that was neither nice nor hygienic. Paint and powder and perfume were used to conceal and disguise much that modern fashion, to say nothing of modern ideas of health, would never tolerate.

Together with these crudities in ways of living, there existed certain niceties of etiquette and demeanor that may have been laid aside when no longer needed. When there is a real difference between classes, there is the less need of the barriers of etiquette and formality. If we are to trust the contemporary pictures of the life of the times, there was need for an artificial barrier between upper and lower classes, for certainly there was little to choose between them in the matter of true refinement.

During the years from 1762 to 1765 it would require very careful study to deter-

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mine just how many months Goldsmith spent in each of the lodging-places he occupied. Part of the time we know that he was at Islington, and there are at least two addresses in London where he is known to have lived. There is no great significance attached to his change of address, such, for instance, as we have to attach to the changes of residence of Milton, a list of whose addresses would give a clue to his vicissitudes of fortune.

With Goldsmith it seems to have been no more than a matter of convenience that at one time put him into rooms in London and at another into the upper story of Newbery's house or into the then suburb of Islington. His friends remained the same, and every month was bringing to him new acquaintances among those best worth knowing in London.

Unfortunately we do not know how close was his intimacy with Hogarth, but there are at least two drawings that seem to show it was a close one. There is a portrait of Goldsmith showing him busy

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at his writing-table, wearing, after the fashion of the time, a great night-cap, a headgear that, though it seems to us entirely unnecessary, was requisite in days when men were accustomed to wear thick wigs, the absence of which must have made the head feel chilly.

The nature of his life, wherever he lived, can be readily conjectured. His habits of work were never regular. We are told, for instance, by one friend that in composing "A History of England in Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," it was the author's custom first to read his authorities in the morning, and then to give up the rest of the day to what can be best expressed by the plain term "loafing," until late in the evening. About bed-time his literary work began. What he had read during the morning was by that hour mentally digested through a process he would have stared to hear us call "unconscious cerebration." The material thus gathered and arranged came so easily to his mind as needed that we

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have Goldsmith's word to assure us that his writing the work in question was no more difficult than the composition of an ordinary personal letter.

What was his custom in the case of this book was also, no doubt, his usual method of work. Nor was the method a bad one. Most of the writing done at this time for his living consisted of hackwork, such as the preparation of prefaces, the compiling of books of information, with an occasional bit of true literary workmanship. It is very doubtful whether work of this sort, where the mind in the absence of any strong impulse must be continually at work, can be accomplished in any other way. The conditions of such work are to-day better understood than in the past. Modern psychology is learning that literary composition must be done under the laws governing mental processes, and that these laws differ according to the nature of the work and of the mind of the worker.

There is a most informing study of conditions of work in contrasting Anthony

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Trollope's "Autobiography" with his "Life of Thackeray." Trollope's love for Thackeray was not enough to give him an understanding of the laws governing his friend's work. Capable himself of regular, forced production, he could not comprehend that Thackeray's mental constitution was as truly subject to systole and diastole as an intermittent spring.

As one might suspect from a comparison of their works, Goldsmith's method of work was perforce not unlike Thackeray's. In the case of the eighteenth century author as in that of the nineteenth century novelist, there was a finality in his style that could come only from mental distillation. There is not in the work of Anthony Trollope, despite the great heights to which he rose at times, any trace of the mastership of style that characterizes nearly every sentence from the pen of Goldsmith or of Thackeray.

This is said here to explain Goldsmith's way of life. No doubt he could have sat at his table for fixed hours every day had

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he been supplied with routine work. His work, however, though much of it was not purely original, yet partook enough of the creative to demand the preliminary mental work only possible in hours that seem to Dr. Dryasdust to be wasted or to be spent in frivolity.

Undoubtedly there are great faults even in Goldsmith's acknowledged masterpieces. The merest tyro who has graduated from a book of rhetoric, or who has made under a professor some comparative study of literary works, can point out blemishes in the "Vicar," in "The Traveller," or in "A Citizen of the World"; and in the same way no one can read the biographies of Goldsmith without coming upon many a justification for the poor opinion of him held by Boswell and others of his associates.

But, as in the case of his literary work the general value and sterling qualities of the books completely outweigh minor defects, so in Goldsmith's personal character, his good qualities, his self-respect,

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his independence, his unselfishness, his outspoken genuineness, account for his securing and retaining the friendship of the greatest men of his time—of Johnson, than whom none had a keener eye for pretence; of Reynolds, who might pick his friends wherever he chose; of Burke, whose claim to genius is never disputed; and of the lesser lights to whom the world of London lay open.

That such men as these could come together and look upon their meeting as among their most precious hours, speaks most highly for them all. When we read concerning their friendship with one another, it is natural that chief stress should be laid upon the common interest in literature that formed the tie between them, but when the life of each of the circle is considered apart, it is seen that each had his part to play in the general history of the time.

One of the notable features of the day was the Club that seems to have sprung up upon the ruins of a similar organiza-

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tion to which, Johnson and some of his friends belonged. This body was formed, Austin Dobson tells us, at the suggestion of Reynolds, who was therefore jocularly called its "Romulus." The members, besides Johnson and Goldsmith, included Burke, his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, and the "scholars and fine gentlemen, Topham Beauclerc and Bennet Langton," together with others enough to make up the number to twelve. The meetings were held every week at the Turk's Head Tavern.

This Club was founded in 1764, and seems to have had no other object than to take supper and converse until a late hour. It proved to be of great good to Goldsmith, and he certainly enjoyed it. Professor Masson suggests that the cause of Goldsmith's taking rooms in Wine Office Court at about this time was his desire to be near the coffee-house where this Club met, either on Monday or Friday of each week.

CHAPTER X

BEGINNING OF LITERARY SUCCESS

THE remark made by Johnson as to Goldsmith's literary standing must have been based more upon critical judgment of his powers than upon any proof of them, for the opinion was given in 1763, before the publication of those productions upon which Goldsmith's fame chiefly rests. It is not strange, however, that Johnson should make the prophecy, when it is considered that even in Goldsmith's minor productions the characteristics of his style are plainly evident. There is the same unforced flow of beautiful English, the same exactness in phrasing and the use of words, and, so far as the minor subjects permit it, there is proof of a complete grasp of them and ability to treat them with power and finality.

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It was after the time of Johnson's remark that Goldsmith was engaged in writing "The Traveller," for in 1764 there is recorded the visit of a friend to Goldsmith's rooms—it may have been Reynolds—at a time when the poet's occupation showed that he was composing a part of the poem where occurred the lines:

By sports like these are all our cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child.

This couplet, we are told, had come so recently from his pen that the ink was still wet, and Goldsmith had turned from his writing to teach a dog to sit up and beg. The coincidence between the lines and the writer's occupation brought forth a question, and Goldsmith acknowledged that it was while playing with the dog that the lines had occurred to him.

About the end of 1764 appeared "The Traveller," a poem based, as is well known, upon the author's pedestrian tour in Europe, and dedicated as a token of affection to his older brother, always to him the dearest member of his family. To

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the critics of the time it was an important matter that the poem had a distinct didactic purpose, and endeavored "to show that there may be equal happiness in other States, though differently governed from our own," but to our mind this moral purpose is of but the slightest importance. The imagery of the poem and its exquisite phrasing, especially where Goldsmith's language retained its native simplicity and made no attempt to rise into the conventionally poetic, are its claims to fame. For the metre and moralizing strain of the lines, Goldsmith seems somewhat indebted to the example of Johnson and Addison, but the greatest merits are entirely his own.

Austin Dobson, with an ease not unlike Goldsmith's own, declares: "If Goldsmith's precepts leave us languid, his charming topography and his graceful memories, his tender retrospect and his genial sympathy with humanity, still invite and detain us. Most of us know the old couplets, but what has time taken from us of their ancient charm?"

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The poem was published in the usual showy and inconvenient form, a quarto, at eighteen pence, and brought the author at least twenty-one pounds, and possibly another payment of the same amount.

Professor Masson ascribes the success of this poem to its appearing at a time when there was a lull in poetic production. He says, "Young was dead, Gray was a recluse, and indolent," Johnson was writing little in metrical form, while the inferior poets had few merits to recommend them. Goldsmith's verse was "a return to simplicity and truth of feeling," and was especially welcome at a time when the poems of Churchill were in sufficient vogue to have tired the public of their bitterness.

There was sufficient distinction in Goldsmith's work to bring it into immediate prominence with the public, and to justify the opinion held of him by his more discriminating friends. An eminently feminine comment was that of Reynolds' sister, who declared, when she had heard

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"The Traveller" read aloud by Johnson, "I shall never more think Mr. Goldsmith ugly."

Even before the publication of "The Traveller," Goldsmith had been at work upon his poem, "Edwin and Angelina," the ballad afterward included in "The Vicar of Wakefield" under the title, "The Hermit." This was an attempt to imitate the simplicity of the ancient ballads then being brought together by Bishop Percy. It is strange to read that in Goldsmith's opinion this poem could hardly be improved, his expression being, "It cannot be amended." It had received his most careful touches, being revised unweariedly. To modern readers, not only does "The Hermit" lack any claim to greatness, but in certain stanzas seems to have taken the downward step from the heroic to the ridiculous.

In the following year, probably as a result of the sale of several editions of "The Traveller," appeared a book of Goldsmith's essays collected from periodi-

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cals and republished by the author with the excuse that they were being pirated for various compilations. He says, amusingly, "I have seen some of my labors sixteen times reprinted and claimed by different parents as their own."

The printing of "Edwin and Angelina" was in 1765, and in that same year Goldsmith made his last attempt to live by his profession. The motive seems to have been to secure a steady income, and by the advice of his friends he spent sufficient money to array himself richly, to set up a man servant, and to make a fair bid for social and professional recognition. But, as was inevitable, the attempt was a complete failure, and Goldsmith went back to his bottles of ink.

In these years of Goldsmith's first literary success, beginning with the publication of "A Citizen of the World" in 1762, and extending to the appearance of "The Vicar of Wakefield," four years later, there was a multiplicity of events that must have busied the minds of all educated residents

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of London. In the literary world three milestones are the publication of Rousseau's "*Contrat Social*," of Macpherson's striking "Poems of Ossian," and the establishment of "The North Briton" by John Wilkes, the first being a most powerful agency in bringing about the French Revolution, thirty years later, the second marking the growth of the taste for folklore and poetry, the third an evidence of the changed relation of sovereign and subject. A fourth event was the publication of Kames's "*Elements of Criticism*," a volume destined to a long life of usefulness and an extended influence, though considered a work of little authority.

Among the historical events of 1762 was the war with Spain, the conquest of Cuba by the English, and the capture of Havana and of Manila. In Russia, Catherine II. came to the throne; in England, George IV. died. A local event of importance that particularly interested Dr. Johnson, was written about by Goldsmith, and still forms the subject for an occa-

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sional article, was the agitation about the "Cock Lane Ghost," an imposture to describe which would take too much space here, but one that was more than a nine days' wonder in London.

In the year, 1763, occurred an event that may not have interested literary London, but one that was to affect many great interests in the future, was the invention of the "spinning-jenny," a step in that marvelous advance in manufacture which was soon to change the conditions of mercantile and industrial life.

In America, 1763 was notable because of Pontiac's great conspiracy, with the unsuccessful siege of Detroit, and of the establishment of "Mason and Dixon's Line" dividing, virtually, the free from the slave states. The same year in which the "Literary Club" was founded was important for America as that in which taxes were first laid upon the colonists. It was notable also for the pitiful entry into London of the young genius, Chatterton, whose first forgery was in 1764.

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The rise of a certain kind of fiction dates back to the publication at this time of Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," probably the first really popular story of the mysterious and horrible, and one whose popularity is not strange when we remember how attractive it must have been to palates used to the namby-pamby and didactic moral apologues then considered the correct thing in fiction for the masses.

Other events of this year that can be merely referred to, are the death of Hogarth, the birth of Sir Sidney Smith, the beginning of the church of the Pantheon at Paris, and the first use of numbers to distinguish houses in London.

The annals of American literature note two pamphlets by Franklin, relating to the political situation and to a recent Indian massacre, and one by Otis, ascertaining and defending the rights of the British colonies.

Probably the most important event of this year 1764, was the beginning of the improvements of the steam engine, by

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James Watt. He was born eight years later than Goldsmith, of a good family of old Covenanter stock, some members of which were noted for scientific ability. The boy James retained his originality because, unable to go regularly to school, he was forced to be mainly his own instructor. His father lost money, and at eighteen, Watt went to London to learn the trade of mathematical instrument maker. Ill-health sent him home again, but he had learnt his business and set up for himself in Glasgow, eking out an income by mending fiddles and tinkering. It was in 1761 or 1762 that Watt began his general experiments upon the force of steam, but in 1764, having to repair a model of the Newcomen engine used in the University, he was led to attempt improvements upon it.

Knowing by his former experiments the power of steam, Watt saw how wasteful was the crude Newcomen engine, and soon reasoned that the cylinder was the point where economy was to be secured.

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Early in 1765 he invented the separate condenser. This made it possible to keep the working cylinder hot and yet to produce a partial vacuum in it for the return stroke of the piston.

The next step in Watt's improvement was to use the force of steam on both sides of the piston, alternately, by means of the "D-valve." Thus not only did he remove the main difficulty in securing the full force of the steam pressure, but he doubled the working power of steam engines by using steam to push the piston both ways. So great were these changes that it is only fair to consider him the true inventor of the steam engine, and therefore to these two years, 1765 and 1766, we must ascribe the real beginning of steam-power—the influence that has contributed most to the transforming of the material world of the eighteenth century to that of our own time. To the steam engine we must credit a transformation of life, by no means yet completed.

In 1766 the literary world was most interested by the publication of Bishop

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Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," a book destined to exercise an enormous influence upon the schools of poetry, by placing before modern readers models of the experiments of their predecessors. In the same year appeared Johnson's edition of Shakespeare. For this edition Johnson wrote an introduction, wherein, despite his occasional condescending criticisms, and his failures to understand certain of Shakespeare's excellences, he did give the world reason to approach the great dramatist with due reverence.

Johnson was too great a man not to feel that he was in the presence of a greater in reading Shakespeare. And though he did not hesitate to declare Shakespeare's failures to reach certain conventional standards in which Johnson believed, he also recognized that these apparent blemishes were no more than spots on the sun. After Johnson's time, and possibly with this introduction, began the new attitude toward Shakespeare. Critics henceforth were to go to Shakespeare as learners,

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and patronage and condescension were no longer justifiable.

We must also note in this year the attainment by Clive of the governor-generalship of India, though there is no need to trace the steps that led from his first victories to his final ascendancy. Together with the creation of this vast colonial empire in the East came the beginning of the breach that was to separate from England her American colonies. The passing of the Stamp Act, the impassioned oratory of Patrick Henry, the protests of Burke in Parliament, and the attempt to quarter troops upon the American colonists, were indications of the beginning of the end. America was being stung to protests, and had discovered the strength of public sentiment that was opposed to the action of the British ministry.

The early days of 1766, with their repeal of the Stamp Act, revealed a certain uneasiness in the English government. Though there were to be many years of attempted reconciliation and

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compromise, the events of these few years had created an irritation of feeling never afterwards to be removed, so long as the mother country retained the colonies.

As "The Vicar of Wakefield" was published in 1766, the month of March, and may be considered as making a distinct epoch in the life of Goldsmith, we shall return with that event to the more direct account of the poet's life.

CHAPTER XI

THE "VICAR" AND THE FIRST PLAY

IN order to fix upon the date of the composition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," there has been a minute study of the records, not only of its publisher, Newbery, but of the printer, Collins, and also of such memoranda as Goldsmith left. The result of the investigation has been to fix its composition only vaguely between the years 1762 and 1766, when it was published.

There has been found an agreement conveying to the printer, Collins, a one-third interest in the book in consideration of the advancement of sixty pounds or guineas to the author upon the incomplete manuscript. The word "pound" or "guinea" was used indiscriminately,

without difference of meaning in those days.

One of the evidences relied upon for determining the date, is the mention in the book itself of a periodical, "The Auditor," which is given in a long list whereby one of the characters is trying to show his wide acquaintance with the literature of the day. It is argued that the mention of this periodical is a proof that the writing must have taken place about 1762, though it would seem that its mention proves nothing more than a writing subsequent to that time, and is worthless as a means of fixing a close date.

A matter more interesting to us is the fact that in this same chapter of the "Vicar," Chapter XIX, mention is made of there being some seventeen magazines current at the time. These, together with the minor ones that undoubtedly existed and were not counted, show that almost a century and a half ago there was no lack of ephemeral literature, though its prevalence is commonly looked upon as characteristic of to-day.

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Another slight evidence of the date of writing is found in Chapter IX, where mention is made of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" as being topics of polite conversation. It may be worth while to explain that by musical glasses is meant the arrangement of tumblers into series which are tuned to give out musical notes by pouring more or less water into them and then played by the friction of a wetted finger upon the lip of each. Just about this time there was a performer in London making quite a stir through this means of entertainment.

More important than either of these references, which merely fix a date somewhat closely, is the characteristic of the book which has been brought out so cleverly by Dobson in his "Life of Goldsmith." To one who analyzes the little novel it is very evident that much of it has been subjected to a process of padding. The course of the story is interrupted by the introduction of matter that could just as well be cut out so far as the

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integrity of the book is concerned. Among such passages may be cited Goldsmith's ballad, known by the name of "The Hermit," which, as has been said, was privately printed before its inclusion there.

The theory set forth by Austin Dobson, though perhaps not invented by him, is that Goldsmith, having received a good round payment on account of this book, had set it aside uncompleted, and when called upon to deliver the finished manuscript had shovelled in such matter as would fill it out to the required length of two volumes.

In the case of the "Vicar," there can hardly be any doubt of the truth of Dobson's theory that it was pieced out, but we must not forget that even down to the times of Dickens it was not uncommon for authors to insert in novels whatever episodes or interludes they happened to have on hand.

Two notable examples will occur to every reader, the cases of "Don Quixote" and the "Pickwick Papers." And we

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must not forget, either, that at this time Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," the most rambling of all books, proved a willingness in the public to allow an author the utmost freedom. Of much later date than Goldsmith's "Vicar" is the general acceptance of strict rules for the construction of novels. There was still something left of the divinity hedging about a king of the author's craft. While the publisher was undoubtedly at liberty to buy or to reject, he had not yet been elevated to the stool of the critic. If a man of Goldsmith's rank presented a manuscript having the outward appearance of a novel, a publisher like Newbery would hardly dissect the work in order to detect those parts that had been added to pad it.

The explanation given by Dobson is based upon what is almost a certainty—the belief that Goldsmith had postponed the work until the publisher had insisted upon the completed manuscript being delivered upon short notice. "The Traveller" had been published a year and a

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quarter before, and undoubtedly its success had caused the publisher to push Goldsmith to the completion of the novel.

Hundreds of pages have been filled by various biographers in the attempt to get at the relative amounts of truth and fiction in the well-known anecdote describing the visit to Goldsmith by Johnson just before the publication of "The Vicar of Wakefield." In one form or another the anecdote describes the state of embarrassment for money in which Johnson found the author, and that Goldsmith declared he had on hand a completed story upon which possibly some money might be raised. Johnson is said then to have taken the manuscript out for the purpose of finding a market for it, and to have come back with the sum of sixty pounds as the result of his kindly assistance. We have already briefly mentioned this incident.

The reader will see at once that there are certain characteristics of this story that tend to throw discredit upon it, and

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in the forefront of these must be put the fact that the book was sold to the publisher Newbery. Who can believe that Goldsmith had been drawing money from Newbery for several years upon a sort of running account and had never thought of offering to him the completed, or nearly completed, manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield"? Does it not seem much more likely that there was a difficulty between Newbery and Goldsmith that was arranged by the agency of Johnson? It would not be strange if the upshot of the negotiations was all that remained in Johnson's mind—the sale of the manuscript and the receipt of the money.

Certainly there must have been a number of occasions on which Goldsmith was in straits for money and was helped by Johnson or another friend. We know that neither "The Traveller" nor the "Vicar" brought him much ready money. The success of the former was mainly in the fame it gave him, and although the latter sold fairly well the amounts ad-

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vanced to the author, whichever story of its sale be true, would prevent his receiving any large amount for some time to come. Besides, we see that Goldsmith continued to do the hackwork upon which he had depended for a living for so many years.

One occasion, upon which it is certain that he was indebted to Johnson for a well-meant attempt to put him in the way of earning a large sum of money, is in connection with his first play, "The Good-Natur'd Man." The English stage at the time was largely given over to the production of a light form of drama which had been imitated or imported from the French, and so far as the criterion of popular success went, the public seemed entirely satisfied with that form of composition. The reader will not need to be told that Goldsmith, despite his weaknesses, had the essential strength of character that prevented his being a vane whirled hither and thither by the breath of popularity. His hackwork, it is true, was necessarily

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done to suit the public, as its wishes were interpreted by his publishers; but his poems, his essays, his novel, were strongly tinged with his own personality, and followed the direction of his own taste. And now, in spite of the trend of public opinion toward the so-called "genteel" comedy, Goldsmith's play was an attempt to revive or to restore to public favor the old English comedy of bright humor and sharply-delineated character. Johnson's good offices consisted in his attempt to bring the play to the notice of Garrick, who would have been long in giving ear to one so little skilled in the ways of securing favors as Dr. Goldsmith.

Although Garrick did not quite reign alone in the dramatic world, yet there was really no serious dispute of his pre-eminence. Not only was he very great as an actor and successful as a manager, but, as we know from Goldsmith's poem written several years later, he was a man who possessed what has since been known as "personal magnetism," quick appre-

hension, with the power of throwing himself, for the moment at least, strongly into sympathy with the mood of his friends. Rich in talents and of a most attractive personality, Garrick was courted and favored by all his associates. That there was something genuinely lovable about the man we may be sure by the constant employment of the nickname "Davy," which hardly could have been given to one who was insincere or repellent toward his associates.

It is hard enough to know well the characters of those with whom we have lived in intimacy for years; infinitely harder to gather from fragmentary records and secondary testimony the true characters of men and women of the past; but it does not seem hard to understand the lack of sympathy between Goldsmith and Garrick. Goldsmith certainly was not brilliant in conversation; he was too genuine to sue for favors, too conscious of his own merit to become a satellite like Boswell.

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As he gained consideration for his work, he took the position that was rightfully his in the circle made up of Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and their friends. But at this time he had not won a recognition great enough to overbalance his unattractive appearance, his oddity, his tactless talk, and his blunt truth-telling.

Whatever may be the true reason, we know the fact that Garrick was not eager to undertake the play, and after some unsatisfactory negotiations, Goldsmith turned to Colman, of the Covent Garden Theatre. And here, in 1768, the play was produced.

In the interim Goldsmith was at work upon a piece of compilation undoubtedly suggested by the success of his "English History" that was still circulating partly upon the assumption of its noble authorship. This new compilation was called "A Compendium of Roman History," and was undertaken for the publisher Davies, who seems to have been principally noted as the husband of "Pretty

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Mrs. Davies," whose beauty was celebrated by more than one admirer.

In order to make more complete the annals of these years, we must mention among Goldsmith's ground-out tasks a "History of Philosophy," a collection of "Poetry for Ladies," an English grammar, and a compilation of poems entitled "Beauties of English Poesy," wherein, it has been remarked by biographers, he included his poem of "Edwin and Angelina," and preceded the volume with the statement that none of the beautiful poems contained in it but would insure its author's reputation!

In G. L. Craik's "Literature and Learning in England" there is a very just summary of the merits that have kept alive "The Vicar of Wakefield," and it is well to conclude this subject with a quotation from the criticism to remind us that Goldsmith's reputation depends, after all, upon the average excellence of his work. Even his hackwork had the charm of style, but his immortality comes from the affectionate regard his best works have won for him.

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Craik, after citing a number of the shortcomings of the novel and its artificial tone, proceeds thus with his estimate: "Yet there is that in the book which makes all this comparatively of little consequence—the inspiration and vital power of original genius, the charm of true feeling, some portions of the music of the great hymn of nature made audible to all hearts. Notwithstanding all its imperfections, the story not only amuses us while we read, but takes root in the memory and affections as much, almost, as any story that was ever written."

The critic then points out the charm of Dr. Primrose's character, the good qualities of Mrs. Primrose, and the human kindness in which the family is presented. "These," he writes, "are the parts of the book that are remembered," and points out that, after all, it is the story, the mere plot, that is least important in a great work of fiction.

This estimate of the charm of the novel goes far to give us a key to the power of

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Goldsmith's other work—the same sympathetic kindliness that presents without bitterness or cynicism the human soul that lies in each of his characters.

As for seeking light upon the characteristics of his times, we shall find only a little in the pages of the "Vicar." The story has to do so much more with the life-drama of its characters than with other outward circumstances, that it is not of great importance as a document preserving manners and customs.

From Chapter II we may gather something of the ordinary way of spending a day in a family whose circumstances were easy. In Chapter IV there is a sketch not only of the home life, but also of the house and the daily customs of the inmates. In Chapter XX, besides the sketch of the life of an usher in a small school, we have that of an adventurer living upon his wits, a life that is supposed to reflect much of Goldsmith's own hardships. And when the "Vicar" falls into misfortune, his imprisonment gives us

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some idea of the sufferings of those whose misfortunes had thrown them into the debtors' prisons.

Minor points that help us to acquaintance with small social customs are found in the notes to the novel. Thus we have a day's journey on horseback reckoned at about forty miles, and we are told of the customs on Christmas, Valentine's Day, Shrovetide, and so on; are made acquainted with various ballads and with popular characters; with the species of fancywork favored by women; have references to the books most in vogue, and we learn that it was not uncommon for ladies of family to swear, gamble, and take snuff. But most such minor customs go and come, and should not be considered as characteristic of a half-century.

CHAPTER XII

EVENTS CONTEMPORARY WITH THE "VICAR"

GOLDSMITH's novel was published in 1766, in the same year that Lessing's "Laocoön" appeared, a book that created a new era in esthetic culture and literature. It was the attempt of a most clear-sighted critic to lay down the principles underlying the creation of great works of art, and especially to show the difference between subjects as treated by poets and by artists. The general effect of the book is all that can be here hinted at. It may be regarded as the first step toward putting the science of esthetics on a well-understood and logical basis—a matter of the utmost importance in securing just criticism and thereby making it certain that good work should be encouraged and bad work condemned. The principle he

points out has been well stated in these words: "Each art is subject to definite conditions and can accomplish great results only by limiting itself to its special function."

It might be said that it was characteristic of this whole age to analyze and sift matters down to their final principles. We may observe this tendency at work everywhere. In economics it was shown in the attempts of statesmen to look beyond mere local conditions for the reason of the riots that were brought about primarily because of the high price of breadstuffs.

In American affairs this disposition to look directly to first principles rather than to be misled by the surface of legal enactments had a most powerful influence upon the future of the Colonies, and, in fact, brought about the Revolution. There was on the part of the English ministry a disposition to be as lenient toward the Colonists as was possible, so long as they could establish the principle of compelling the

Colonies to pay a part of the expenses made necessary by their administration.

The English ministers of the time were dependent to a great extent upon the personality of a few great leaders. The oratory of Pitt and of Burke seemed to possess a greater influence in government affairs than any arguments based upon statistical evidence. It was a time of statesmen rather than of blue books, and it happened that the dispute between England and her Colonies became the test question by which the throne and its adherents tried men's loyalty.

When Pitt became "Lord Chatham," probably because of his inability longer to sustain the fierce strife of the lower House, the ministry that had depended upon him for support gradually yielded before the attacks of his enemies, and giving up one by one its claims to tax the Colonies upon specific articles of commerce, made its last stand in the very bill that repealed the Stamp Act. While rescinding its provisions, the English gov-

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ernment expressly declared the authority to tax; but, as has been said, the Americans had long since discovered their power and had come to the resolution that nothing less than complete surrender of the principle of "taxation without representation" would satisfy them.

This is the explanation of the little-understood fact that the Revolution traced its origin to certain trivial imposts that would seem hardly worth an indignation meeting. Both the British government and the Colonial assemblies understood that the whole question of independence was involved in the assertion or denial of the right to tax arbitrarily. The oppression of the Colonies was bitterly opposed by the Liberal party in the English Parliament, and in the Colonies themselves could be heard denunciations hardly more bitter than those pronounced in the House of Commons.

It is an instructive contrast to imagine the two college-mates, Burke and Goldsmith, in this year, 1766; one writing

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literature imbued with the strangely idyllic spirit of "Goody Two Shoes," and the other bending the affairs of the British Empire to the philosophic lines laid down in his own mind. If we are tempted to consider Goldsmith's work trivial, we must reflect that though the domains in which these two men worked differ widely, each exerted an influence that is yet alive; and it may be questioned whether the power of Goldsmith in moulding the human mind will not eventually prove to have influenced the world more greatly than Burke's philosophy influenced the course of political events. It is too often forgotten that the poet in prose or verse, the artist with brush or chisel, or the man who simply makes his own life a work of the highest art—the art of conduct—may influence even practical life more deeply and more widely than the man who seems to sway the political destinies of a nation, or who leads its armies to battle.

In Green's History there is a rapid summary of the more important events

of this time, showing that the counsellors of England were devising means for settling that insoluble problem, the government of Ireland, for subjecting directly to the government the great corporation, "John Company," which bade fair to become virtual sovereign of India, and for keeping the balance true by opposing an alliance with Prussia and Russia, and the growing influence of the Bourbons in Europe. These movements were in different stages of progress, and some of them were not completed for many years.

The year 1767 was marked in the career of Goldsmith by an attempt on the part of the government to secure his pen in its service. The attempt was made by a noted go-between called Parson Scott. It is amusing to read the emissary's account of his interview. He relates with contempt how the poor-spirited writer neglected the chance to fill his purse by the easy method of selling his independence, and relates with scorn that Goldsmith chose to rely upon his ill-paid hack-

work rather than to shine with the iridescence of corruption. The incident ends with the words "and so I left him in his garret"—a position whose elevation was of another kind than Parson Scott suspected.

Toward the end of this year one of the main sources of income for Goldsmith was removed by the death of John Newbery, always to be remembered as the first to publish little books for children. His immortality, such as it is, has been earned by his connection with the poor author to whom no doubt he thought he had been a most kindly and condescending patron. Possibly Newbery is entitled to some credit as part author of the books for children that have been credited to Goldsmith and others. But the question can never be settled, for the time had not yet arrived when authorship of literature for children was considered worth claiming.

Indeed, to our own less formal time our forefathers of the middle of the eighteenth century, while no doubt to be re-

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spected for dignity, seem to have taken themselves too seriously: Their formalities were respectable, but much that they disregarded or considered trivial seems to us of far greater significance than their cherished forms and ceremonies. Much of their ponderous literature has been cheerfully foregone by us, while we are eager to retain what seemed to them trifles light as air.

It was not that there lacked appreciation for books of a purely literary tone. The continued success of "Tristram Shandy," the last volume of which was published in this year, proved that style alone was enough to win readers for a book that was, so far as its purpose went, a "much ado about nothing."

Very significant of this period was the extension of English influence, by means of the discoveries of her navigators. In 1766 Captain Byron had returned from an exploring voyage into the South Seas, and within a few years thereafter Captain Wallis had made explorations in the

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Pacific that led Cook to a complete ransacking of vast regions most vaguely known. The work known as "Cook's Voyages" deserves immortality for two reasons; first, as a record of his epoch-making voyages and his adventurous life, the typical life of an English navigator, and, secondly, as a work of the greatest literary charm because of the wonderland it opened to the imagination and its powerful influence upon the English zeal for exploring strange lands. Green says that this book familiarized England "more and more with a sense of possession, with the notion that this strange land of wonders was their own." It was "Cook's Voyages" that began the world empire we have learned to associate with the British flag.

An event that probably occupied more of Goldsmith's attention than the reports of these explorers' voyages was the opening of the noted Bagnigge Wells, in London, a sort of gathering place for pleasure-seekers of the city, that is compared to the

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more celebrated Vauxhall Gardens. An excuse for its vogue was found in the existence of two mineral springs; and a large garden such as delighted the people of this time was laid out with walks, a fishing-pond, and certain artificial rusticities for the delight of the young people of the metropolis. It was the equivalent of the modern park, and the difference between the two pleasure-grounds is very significant of the change in public taste. To-day, the taste of the larger part of the public, if popularity be an indication, is for "raree shows" such as we know by the name "vaudeville." Those who care for the beauties of nature delight in her unadorned, and would find the imitation ruralities of the eighteenth century simply absurd. This change in the taste of the people can be traced progressively in the lighter literature from that time to this, and it indicates a growing appreciation for what are the real beauties of nature.

This was a period of great advance in textile manufacture. The so-called "spin-

ning-jenny," first invented in 1764, and quickly developed, had become an epoch-making improvement. It consisted in an apparatus by which the operation of drawing out the carded wool and spinning it into thread was multiplied many times. Where hand spinning had produced a single thread, the jenny produced eight from the beginning, and with the development of the principle the number of threads was increased in even greater ratio.

Following Hargreaves' inventions came those of Arkwright and Crompton, which applied to textile production methods that were to result in the modern factory-system of manufacture. From these beginnings the application of machinery to cloth-making has steadily increased to our own time, involving social changes whose importance we are just beginning to understand.

The next year, 1768, was chiefly noted in the American struggle for a new phase of the strife between the ministry and the

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Colonies. Having postponed the attempt to establish direct taxation, Parliament passed an act meant to establish the same principle in a most specious form: they quartered troops upon the Colonists and charged the support of these soldiers upon their unwilling hosts. But the leaders of the patriots in New York and Boston were not to be deceived into permitting the government to establish the hated principle in this way. Vigorous measures were taken for resistance. Petitions were prepared, support of the soldiers was refused, pamphlets were published, meetings held, and in every way resistance to the domination of the ministry was fomented by the few American leaders who were beginning to look forward to separation from the mother country.

Probably these matters affected Goldsmith no more nearly than the questions of Philippine administration affects authors of our own day who consider themselves engaged in literary pursuits rather than in politics.

A matter that must have meant a great deal to one whose eagerness for public distinction and interest in the rise of his friends was so great as Goldsmith's, is the elevation of Reynolds to the presidency of the Royal Academy, founded this year. Reynolds' life was one of unbroken success. He soon reached, and always afterwards retained, supremacy.

In a summary of his career, by E. G. Johnson, it is declared that the growth of his reputation is best traced in the growing prices he charged for portraits. Beginning at five guineas, he had more than doubled the price in 1755; in 1760, he charged twenty-five guineas, and in his later years, fifty—a price that to our days seems absurdly small for the leading portrait painter of the age, even though his rapidity of production enabled him to finish a portrait in four hours. He painted nearly every one of note of his time, his studio being thronged “with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and men who wished to appear as heroes and

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philosophers"—a sentence taken originally from Northcote.

When called by acclamation to the presidency of the Royal Academy, he became "Sir Joshua" by favor of George III.; and we have no doubt that Goldsmith, whatever he may have done, would have been glad to array himself in something more brilliant than purple and fine linen, when his great friend acquired the handle to his name. We know from the account of the author's appearance during the first performance of "The Good-Natur'd Man," that he indulged at the beginning of 1768 in a suit of "Tyrian bloom, satin green and garter-blue silk breeches."

This first performance of his play had taken place in January, after some postponement due to a desire on the part of the manager, Colman, not to interfere with a new play brought out by Garrick. The success of Goldsmith's play was not complete. While certain characters pleased, at least one scene had to be cut out; but it was not for a number of years that the

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story of Goldsmith's disappointment came to light. He went out to a Club supper, at the conclusion of his play, was jolly and sociable, even sung his favorite song about "the old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon," though he afterwards confessed to Johnson that he was "suffering horrid tortures all the time."

The play of "The Good-Natur'd Man" was continued for ten nights and brought Goldsmith no small sum, perhaps an equivalent to five thousand dollars, when we include the amount derived from its book-form sales.

CHAPTER XIII

AMONG PROSPEROUS FOLK

It was characteristic of Goldsmith that as soon as he had a glimpse of prosperity his "knack of hoping" made him discount the large earnings he expected. When "The Good-Natur'd Man" brought him so large a sum, he decided at once to take better lodgings, and became an inmate of the Temple. In this building he occupied several different apartments, notably the three rooms known as No. 2 Brick Court, altogether very pleasant quarters.

Goldsmith not only chose a better locality, but borrowing money from the booksellers and from a "Templar" who was his neighbor, Mr. Edmond Bolt, a barrister and legal author, he fitted up his rooms even luxuriously for the time. Austin Dobson gives a brief list of the

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poet's extravagances, but Goldsmith's imprudence seems to have gone no further than decent carpets and curtains, a picture or two, a large mirror, and certain small tables for cards or tea. It doesn't seem necessary to condemn these very excusable expenditures. Doubtless Goldsmith, in fitting up his chambers, and in returning therein some of the hospitalities he had received, believed he was doing no more than decency demanded.

Those living in the Temple at this time happened to record a number of anecdotes of Dr. Goldsmith and his residence among them, and since his biography is largely based upon such accidental references, we know but little more of his later days than of those wherein his friends were less literary. Still, there is no great importance to be attached to the anecdotes of this time. They mainly have to do with the surface eccentricities, with the odd sayings, and passing light jokes that do so much to fill the pages of biographers, while contributing so little to our knowl-

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edge of the real men about whom they are preserved. We know, and are glad to know, that Goldsmith was able to show hospitality to his friends, and like to think of the once starving tutor as presiding at the head of a well-filled board around which were gathered his old friends and many new ones.

Besides Boswell, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Percy, and Garrick, came Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of those bitter "Letters of Junius" which were laying bare the weaknesses and follies of the government, and Sir William Blackstone, whose "Commentaries" are still the unmoved basis of legal education.

As to the "Letters of Junius," the sixty-nine that appeared began in January, 1769, and came out during the following three years. The letters were notable for their polished style and their keen intelligence, but excited fear while they awakened universal interest because of the repeated proofs that the writer was thoroughly informed upon matters that were

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believed to be secrets of the government and was not too scrupulous to use this information however it had been acquired.

It can easily be understood that when the King's ministers were never certain that a forthcoming letter of "Junius" would not expose the inmost secrets of their policy, and when the enemies of the administration were finding their keenest weapons in these audacious letters, there would be the deepest interest and curiosity regarding the possible author. Though there have been attempts to credit the authorship to other writers, it may be regarded as certain that they were from the hand of Sir Philip Francis. Francis's career as clerk in the Secretary of State's office, amanuensis to Pitt, clerk to the War Office, and one familiar with governmental questions in India and in Parliament, seems to fit him to bear the odium or to claim the fame of the celebrated epistles. The excellence of their literary quality is such that they have often been attributed to Edmund Burke himself.

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But Goldsmith's life in London had its vacation times in which with one party of friends or another he wandered off for what he called "shoemaker's holidays," and in them explored the nearer village suburbs, just as Scott used to ride off for his country raids. These little outings were, very sensibly, made economical, the expense to each of the party seldom exceeding a few shillings. Goldsmith was usually the leader of the party, and delighted to have his guests, four or five of his friends, come to his rooms ready for an early start; and then, setting out upon foot, the party would make their goal some inn where they could obtain a cheap dinner that was made memorable by the conversation of the literary men, the "Templars" and the retired merchants who were admitted to the party.

One of Goldsmith's biographers, in speaking of his improved lodgings says, "The old quarters, looked at by the light of his good fortune, had grown too narrow for his importance." In the absence of

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any specific proof this implication of foolish conceit seems gratuitous. Though we have anecdotes showing Goldsmith in a rather absurd light, yet these stories come from his intimate companions, from the lips of those in whose company, if at all, any man not a pedantic prig would consider himself free to unbend. It should not be forgotten that one noted for his literary power, especially for the writing of essays upon learning and upon the social condition of England, would be narrowly watched for those weaknesses that make us all akin.

The same disposition that delights to tell of Goldsmith's "bloom-colored coat," of his fits of spleen or jealousy, of his vanity, has in our own day reveled in the inharmonious state of Carlyle's household, the strange pranks indulged in by Bulwer and by Dickens, and has filled many a column with foolish stories about literati, great or small. There is hardly one of the group Goldsmith gathered about his table in the Temple, concerning whom

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at least as large a sheaf of anecdotes could not be collected showing him in a light no less absurd or laughable than that which is so often turned upon the foibles of the little Irish doctor.

We do not have as a foil to these lighter sketches any description of the dark days such as must have come to Oliver in May of this year, when he lost the dear brother Henry to whom he had dedicated "The Traveller," and whom he had sincerely loved throughout his life. There were very few ties of affection that might have kept Goldsmith from the harmless, if less elevated, enjoyment he found in his banquets and his outings with the friends he had won among the best citizens of London. Certainly there was no reason why one whose days were spent in such work as the "Animated Nature," for which he made an agreement in the following year, and in the "Roman History," that was little but pure hackwork, to make us grudge the brighter hours he found in the intercourse which his own worth had

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made possible with the brightest men of his time.

The year 1769, that saw the first of the "Junius" letters, and a great Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford, is still remembered by those who assign reputations to the years as pre-eminently the "year of great babies." Not only did it bring forth him who was perhaps the greatest of all mere men, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose career is the fairy tale of history, but also his great opponent, Wellington, the great marshals Soult and Ney, that giant of science, Alexander von Humboldt, the man of letters, Chateaubriand, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the artist, John Quincy Adams, Lord Castlereagh, Bishop of Middlesex, Cuvier, Brunel, the engineer, and the actor, Tallien, to name only those who have very great fame. Perhaps it would not be wrong to put among the "great babies" of the year the patents issued to Watt for his steam-engine, and to Arkwright for his spinning-frame, ancestors whose progeny is already world-wide.

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In England the political world was absorbed in watching the fierce combat between the conservative members of Parliament and Wilkes, the champion of the people. Returned again and again as member for Middlesex, Wilkes was unseated as often and, by a most high-handed and outrageous proceeding, his seat in Parliament was given to his defeated opponent. There could, of course, be but one end to the struggle where the essential power, as in England, lay in the hands of the people. Wilkes stood for the right, though many of his writings deserved the severest reprehension.

These were the most important events for the year, and the ones in which Goldsmith was most likely to have a keen interest, though from other points of view the annals of the time might present occurrences fully as worthy of notice. Perhaps we should add at least the completion by the historian, Robertson, of his "History of Charles V.", for which he is said to have received forty-five hundred pounds, and

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should make record of the founding of the American college of Dartmouth.

About this time or a little later, Goldsmith was at work upon the poem which is probably his best literary work, "The Deserted Village." It was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in an affectionate letter containing a touching allusion to his brother Henry, who had so recently died. The theme, or at least the writing, may well have been suggested by the memories of his childhood awakened by the loss of his brother.

When engaged upon the composition of "The Deserted Village," it is said that it was the Doctor's custom to write down in sequence a general sketch of the ideas to be presented in the completed lines, and then to throw these rougher notes into a first draft of verse which, when copied, leaving plenty of space and margin, was the raw material upon which, by successive revisions, alterations, and additions, he built up the finished verses.

We gain some idea of his rate of speed from the fact that a visitor was shown, one

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day, as a result of the second morning's work on the poem, the ten lines beginning:

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease.

Austin Dobson, from the fact that "Dear lovely bowers" is the beginning of the fifth line, draws the amusing conclusion that the first day's work upon the poem could have consisted of no more than the first four lines—though, really, the conclusion amounts to little, since the poet might easily have spent a week in choosing the exact episodes with which to begin a poem of this length and importance. This Dobson admits when he says that the processes of poetry are "not to be so exactly meted."

In finishing the account of the year 1769 we must, instead of quoting the time-honored anecdote of the banquet in Bond Street, representing Goldsmith strutting about and displaying with pride the work of his tailor, refer the reader to Boswell's "Johnson," where it is told at length. We shall not attempt to put the emphasis where it has always been placed in recounting

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the anecdote, but will beg rather to call the reader's attention to the remark of Garrick about Goldsmith's appearance: "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman, but I am talking of being well or ill dressed."

Considering that this criticism came from the mouth of an actor and manager, the one of all others best fitted to pronounce finally upon the question of mere outward appearance, may it not be allowed authority enough to outweigh the inference that Goldsmith was an extravagant popinjay whose appearance was absurd? If he always "looked like a gentleman," we need not trouble ourselves greatly over the question of his conformity to fashion or custom.

From the same authority that records this banquet in Bond Street, we learn that by the kindly thought of Reynolds, Johnson and Goldsmith received honorary appointments in the Royal Academy. It was in regard to this appointment as "Professor of Ancient History to the Royal

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Academy of Painting" that Goldsmith wrote to his brother Maurice, "Honors to one in my position are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." Here, again, we must not interpret too literally this playful humor. Goldsmith had put far away from him the days of poverty, and no doubt meant merely to point out the absurdity of such rewards to men of letters, when men of affairs so easily found richly-endowed offices that were even greater sinecures.

If we were to seek a picture of destitution that would contrast with the prosperity of Goldsmith and his friends, we might find it this very year in the last months of Thomas Chatterton, who had lived in London in the spring and early summer of 1770, coming to town with a few pounds in his pocket that had been raised by his friends—apparently to rid themselves of him—since he had been discharged by his country employer because of a "Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton" written by the young genius

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to confirm the suspicion that he was about to commit suicide. Taking at first a lodging with a relative in Shoreditch, Chatterton went the rounds of the few printers and publishers to whom he had brought letters. He did his best to live upon the few pennies he could gain by writing political articles and songs. He even pretended to be prospering, and bought trifling presents for his mother and sister out of the money he needed for food. As his money gave out he removed from his relative's house to No. 4 Brooke Street, Holborn, and there gradually fell into absolute destitution. His landlady, Mrs. Angel, was a sack-maker, and deserves immortality for her charity toward the starving author, trying in vain to refuse a part of the little sum he paid her for rent.

We have only a few episodes from which to reconstruct these last tragic days, and there is little need to look beyond the simple statement that he almost starved, proudly refusing such aid as was offered him. On the 24th of August he poisoned

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himself, after tearing up the remnants of his manuscripts. The poor young fellow still lacked three months of being eighteen years old, and yet had shown a genius and imagination which by some is said to have inspired the work of Coleridge. If this be so, Chatterton may claim to be the literary progenitor of Keats and Shelley and their followers. On the 28th of August his body was buried as that of a pauper in the burying-ground of a work-house, which soon after was torn up and converted into a market.

CHAPTER XIV

THE POET AND PLAYWRIGHT

It is consoling to know that Goldsmith's feeling for Chatterton was such that he undoubtedly would have helped him if aware of his destitution in time. There is a conversation reported as taking place at the first dinner of the Royal Academy, in which Goldsmith is represented as speaking in the warmest praise of the Rowley poems and as defending the authenticity of these manuscripts which Chatterton claimed to have unearthed from the celebrated old chest.

Horace Walpole, who had not shown much interest in Chatterton when the young fellow had come to him seeking his patronage, seemed genuinely shocked to learn that the despairing poet had come to so terrible an end in London. But

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Goldsmith apparently stood alone in advocating the theory that Chatterton had really discovered ancient manuscripts. Though the weight of opinion is still against Goldsmith's view, it would be too much to say that his theory has been abandoned. Certain commentators believe that between the certainly genuine work of Chatterton's pen and that found in the Rowley productions there is a wide difference of merit. But knowing that some of Chatterton's work was forged, makes us unwilling to admit the genuineness of any.

From this advocacy of an unpopular theory by Dr. Goldsmith, we may conclude that he was independent in his literary judgment, and may one day be forced to admit him to be right as to the Rowley MSS., where most of the world was wrong.

We have to make up our estimate of the man by arguments drawn from minor incidents. In 1770 it is a pleasure to learn that he considered himself justified in taking a little holiday, going for a time to the Continent in company with the very

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delightful Horneck family, the daughters of which especially attracted him, one of these being the famous "Jessamy Bride." Of the trip, as usual, is recorded nothing more important than just such minor happenings as have no greater purpose than to serve as hints in judging the doctor's character.

While in Lisle, for example, we are told that the party stood at a window watching some military display, and that the young English girls attracted the admiration of the smart officers of the garrison. Goldsmith is said to have turned away with real or affected petulance, exclaiming that elsewhere *he* would get his share of admiration. After Irving's and Austin Dobson's conclusive showing that this remark was no more than a piece of pleasant humor, it is hardly necessary to comment upon the dullness with which it has been taken seriously.

Irving says. "It is difficult to conceive the obtuseness of intellect necessary to misconstrue so obvious a piece of mock

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petulance and dry humor into an instance of mortified vanity and jealous self-conceit."

Another story tells how Goldsmith attempted to jump to an islet in a pond at Versailles and how he fell into the water. The natural and sensible conclusion would be that the athletic little doctor had been completely lacking in that silly dignity which would have prevented a foolish man from carrying out the whimsical notion to prove by the leap that he was still agile and sprightly.

After his return home we have a few equally unimportant anecdotes which time is gradually reducing to their true proportions, and then we come to a brief period of hard work, perhaps the beginning of his abridgment of the Roman History, and certain work upon a not very successful "Life of Lord Bolingbroke," that was probably readable even if it did contain a few errors of fact amusing to some critics now long since forgotten.

A visit to Bath followed, wherein occurred another of the anecdotes that,

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spread thin, go so far to fill up the biographies of Goldsmith; and this also, when examined with an unprejudiced mind seems far from showing him forth as imbecile or absurdly eccentric.

The story, in brief, tells how the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were one day in their breakfast room in the house adjoining that of Goldsmith's friend, Lord Clare, when they were surprised by the entrance of Dr. Goldsmith. He seated himself comfortably upon a sofa at one side of the room, and engaged affably in conversation with His and Her Grace. All this took place before breakfast, and when the breakfast was served, the noble hosts invited their visitor to join them. Whereupon he rose, and with every sign of embarrassment explained that he thought he was in his friend's house and not in theirs.

The vast importance of this happening apparently consists in the high nobility of his entertainers. There is nothing whatever to show that it was not a per-

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fectly natural mistake and that Goldsmith did otherwise than any gentleman, especially when his eyesight was not keen, might have done. There was a mistake between the adjoining houses—nothing more. There would be nothing to excite question in the presence of the two English people as guests in the breakfast-room of their next-door neighbor, and that mistake once admitted to be possible, all importance vanishes from the story.

Returning to London, and receiving a present of meat from his friendly host, Lord Clare, Goldsmith responded by the poem named "A Haunch of Venison," which was not published until after his death.

In spite of every attempt to dignify this doggerel by pointing to his skill in suggesting that and avoiding the other, one fails to find it elevating or enlivening. One cannot deny its ease, but to one who had for years dipped his living from an ink-bottle, that ease should have been a second nature.

But of vastly more importance than these bits of hackwork and pieces of verse was his next comedy, which Prof. Masson speaks of as being "richer and better every way than his first, and, indeed, about the best thing of its kind in the English literature of the eighteenth century." This play, subsequently named "She Stoops to Conquer," he seems to have finished before the end of 1771, but it was not to appear for over a year.

His receipts during these later years were certainly large enough to have made him fairly comfortable—between three and four thousand pounds, which may be reckoned as equal to over six thousand dollars a year, allowing for the decreased value of money. This estimate is made by Prof. Masson, who says that, notwithstanding, Goldsmith was continually in trouble for money, and is inclined to find the cause in his careless habits and his generosity, saying that he left everything unlocked in his rooms and gave freely to all who asked him, besides contributing

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in all probability, to the expenses of his family.

The writing of "She Stoops to Conquer" was done probably in great part at a farmhouse out on the Edgeware Road. Here Goldsmith had hired a single room and boarded with the farmer's family. He seems ever fond of country sights and scenes, for not only did he retire continually to these retreats near London, but every now and then made other excursions still further away, jotting down from time to time notes that he afterwards used, or meant to use, in his great compilation "Animated Nature."

The jests in "She Stoops to Conquer" were also said by him to be the fruits of hours spent in similar wanderings about the countryside, as he speaks of his "studying jests with the most tragical countenance."

During the year when the piece was lying in Colman's hands, unproduced, Goldsmith continued to write pieces of no particular importance, such as his

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“Threnodia Augustalis,” a lament over the Princess of Wales, and some clever bits of epistolary rhyme.

When Colman was asked to push the matter, Goldsmith offering to make the necessary revisions, the manager apparently jumped at the chance for delay, and suggested certain changes that caused the author to reclaim the play and to turn it over to Garrick. From Garrick it was reclaimed once more and sent to Colman, but, owing to the kind offices of Dr. Johnson, the manager at last gave a promise to produce it. After the usual minor troubles about casting the parts, and the preparation of a prologue, the play was acted in the middle of March, 1773, and had a creditable success, bringing its author at least as much as he had received from his first comedy, and adding even more than the first to his reputation as a dramatist.

To take up the recital of events contemporaneous with these years of Goldsmith's life—in 1770, the same year that saw the suicide of Chatterton, were born

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Wordsworth and the sculptor Thorwaldsen. In the following year, while Goldsmith was writing "The Deserted Village," there was born in Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott, and Gray and the novelist Smollett died. The publications of the year include Beattie's poem, "The Minstrel," and the first edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Next year, 1772, came the birth of Coleridge and of J. M. W. Turner, and the death of Swedenborg.

The same year, 1772, is also to be remembered as that of the beginning of inquiry into affairs in India, an investigation that eventually resulted in the taking over by the government of all the vast structure that had been built up since the victories of Lord Clive. To one who looks over the history of events now so closely thronging one another, it will seem to be a time of rapid advance not only in material but in political and social affairs. We shall note the decision of Lord Mansfield in the case of the negro Somerset, to the effect that, touching the soil of

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the British Isles made any slave a free man; we shall see the partition of Poland, and comprehend that here was the beginning of the aggrandizement of European countries that has not ceased to our own day; we shall note the extension of canals in England, and see in them and their successors, the railways, the internal arteries that were to unite the whole of England into one nation. We read of Priestley's "Observation on Different Kinds of Air," and see in his keen inquiries the dawning light of modern chemistry. But to a contemporary there was as yet nothing that enabled him to choose out of these events which were significant for the future and which survivals of a dying past. Nor is it likely that in estimating the events of our own time we can be wiser.

During the last year of Goldsmith's life, from the performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," at Covent Garden, to his death in the Temple on the 4th of April, to us the most important events seem to be those that were leading so rapidly to the

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American Revolution—the troubles between the citizens of Boston and the customs officers that ended in the famous “Tea Party” in the harbor, and the passing of the famous “Port Bill” that aroused the other Colonists to a full understanding of the crisis.

The most important books of the time were perhaps Lord Chesterfield’s letters to his son, published in the year after the death of their author, and Warton’s criticisms on “English Poetry,” a book that has not yet ceased to be quoted. The only piece of literary work of this year from Goldsmith’s hand that has remained well known is his bright epigrammatic poem “Retaliation.”

The origin of this bit of verse is traced to a pleasant dinner party, where the guests in a spirit of fun were making up imaginary epitaphs upon one another; and when Garrick’s turn came, he responded by reciting impromptu his bright lines

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.

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Evidently Goldsmith left the party with the idea of composing a set of epigrams upon his friends after the model of those that had been recited at the table. This poem occupied his efforts until a few days before his death, and shortly afterwards was published under the title of "Retaliation."

It is a very remarkable piece of verse, containing a set of exquisite miniatures so perfect in finish, so true to life, that they are accepted to this day as the best brief epitomes of the characters described. There is no claim to originality for the scheme of the poem; the very first line refers the reader to the earlier effort of the satirist Scarron. The verse flows easily on, and yet without a wasted word carves in indestructible lines the members of the little gathering of notables that gave rise to it. The poem is evidently unfinished, which is enough to account for the omission of a portrait of Dr. Johnson, a lack that every reader may be pardoned for lamenting.

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To us the chief importance of this exquisite piece of descriptive writing is the fact that it is a proof that Goldsmith appreciated both the faults and the virtues of the great men who were his daily companions. It is impossible that he should have so justly appraised their value if he had not been able to measure them by his own possession of at least some portion of the greatness that characterized such leaders of men as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick.

Doubtless there must be truth in the many concurring testimonies to Goldsmith's foibles, but in writing this book it has been my attempt to show that these less dignified traits of character could not have been, even if the most prominent, the most significant elements of his character. One is delighted in reading Irving's biography to see with what insight that kindly author, who is no kindlier than he is wise, sympathetically explains Goldsmith's love for rich dress. Instead of ascribing it to dandyism or to a silly love

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of attracting attention, Irving believes that it was an attempt to counteract the deficiencies which long years of suffering had made ever present to his consciousness. Feeling that he was unattractive, and even painful to look at, Goldsmith desired simply to make the best of himself by an appearance of elegance and fashion. His whole life shows him to be remarkably unselfish, and many of the faults and weaknesses of which he is accused could not have flourished without a deep soil of unselfishness.

CHAPTER XV

IN HIS LAST YEARS

It is almost labor thrown away to show the absurdities of popular traditions, or to correct mistaken views about celebrities. Samuel Johnson makes a hasty speech in regard to some action of Goldsmith's, and the world of readers considers itself bound to accept this estimate of the affair. An incident of the sort occurred in connection with the representations of "She Stoops to Conquer," and the criticisms upon the play.

Ordinarily, Goldsmith paid little attention to the envious snarlings of ill-natured critics, replying only when he felt he ought to clear himself of some imputation on his reputation, as in the case of his ballad "The Hermit." But when a writer by the name of Kendrick, in a letter to the

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“London Packet,” not only ridiculed Goldsmith’s vanity, but hinted that he was unable to gain the affections of “the lovely H——k,” meaning Miss Horneck, the “Jessamy Bride,” Dr. Goldsmith took the only course that seemed to him likely to prevent a recurrence of this forerunner of “yellow journalism.”

Being ignorant who had written the letter, Goldsmith went to the office of the publisher, and struck him with a cane. This led to a fracas that knocked down a lamp, and did little other damage. Afterward Goldsmith paid fifty pounds to avoid an action for assault.

For this Goldsmith has been either blamed or held up to ridicule; and yet the chief reasons alleged are that the fray was “undignified,” or that the publisher had the better of his assailant. Dr. Johnson was thought clever when he threatened to buy a “stout oak cudgel” when an actor hinted an intention to caricature him, and there is no doubt that Goldsmith’s only motive was to keep the name

of his friend, the Jessamy Bride, out of the scurrilous journals of the time.

All the scandal-mongers and libellists at once fell foul of the plucky Doctor, but he paid his money to avoid the suit, and Miss Horneck's name suffered no injury. In reply to the comments on his conduct he wrote a dignified letter that Johnson called "a foolish thing well done"—as to which there may be two opinions.

It is a pity that so many of the reminiscent anecdotes come to us filtered through the prejudiced mind of Boswell. It seems that one may read not only between the lines of the Scotch biographer, but among some words of the Great Cham himself, an ever-present envy of the Irish author. Despite Boswell's bias, it is very plain that Goldsmith had the better of Johnson in more than one of their word-combats.

We can see that there must have been many reasons for some friction between Goldsmith and his associates. He was outspoken, impulsive, rash and quick-witted, and exceedingly sensitive. John-

son was domineering, logical, and ready with well-considered dicta upon all subjects. Naturally enough, Goldsmith's desire was to keep on good terms with this "Great Bear," and to live a quiet life in the lee of this great mental and physical bulwark.

But Goldsmith was never subservient, and where he could administer a courteous rebuke to a piece of Johnsonian bump-tiousness, he never failed to do so. Recalling the old fable of the statue of the man slaying the lion, we must not forget that where Boswell is the sculptor, there is every disposition to show the Johnsonian lion victor over all he met; and despite this disposition the record shows Goldsmith in nowise the worse for his controversies.

Such are the conclusions to which one may be led by reading the many anecdotes in which Goldsmith and Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, and the rest figure in the great biography. We need not transcribe any of them, merely bearing in mind that these

meetings at the Literary Club, at his own rooms, or at the tables of one or another of his friends, were the hours of recreation between the long spells of hard labor over the pages of the "Animated Nature," a work that certainly contained many errors, but hardly more than those made by men far better equipped for the task.

Besides the natural history, Goldsmith's last years were given to a "Grecian History" that appeared about the middle of 1773, and seems to have brought its author no more than a few figures on the credit side of the publisher's ledger, since he was in long arrears for advances. This was due to extravagance, for his earnings had for a long period been large enough to support him respectably and to discharge any debts he may have assumed.

But Goldsmith had no time for regrets, nor could he coin repentance into money. He must set his busy brain to work, and devise some method of gaining larger sums from the publishers. The scheme he suggested was that he should be editor

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of various papers written on the Arts and Sciences by his distinguished friends in London, a sort of Encyclopedia.

But the plan failed to excite the commercial enterprise of any publisher, and so it was given up. We have some hint of the reason in the opinion of the publisher Davies, who seemed to think that so large a project would be insecurely founded upon a disposition so indolent as Goldsmith's. The "Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," as the project was to be christened, never came even to a serious beginning, and the distressed author was driven to another device to keep creditors at bay and continue his benevolences.

In Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" we have the text of a letter to Garrick, asking an advance of money—really a loan—upon the possible profits of a performance by Garrick of "The Good-Natur'd Man." The wording of the note, the lack of connection between its sentences, the illogical submissive style, and even the handwriting (for a facsimile is given), show a

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nervous unhappiness that proves to what straits Goldsmith was reduced. Garrick's endorsement seems unkind, being "Goldsmith's palaver," but he lent the money, and was duly thanked by another note which the actor endorsed with the same words. Their inapplication to the second note might be taken as indicating that their real force is not understood by us. The borrower's gratitude wells up in his concluding sentence, "May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart."

After this episode, Forster tells us that there remain but two more pictures in the life of the poet, the first showing him as sauntering about Vauxhall Gardens in the company of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the friend in whose presence the Doctor seemed to be the happiest. About gay gardens are strolling throngs of the notabilities of London, both men and women, in their wigs or strange coiffures, in ruffles and laces, with fans and swords. They would be a strange and picturesque set of costumed figures to our eyes, but to the

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painter and the poet their clothes would seem an everyday matter, and interest would be excited only by individuality of face or bearing.

The other picture shows us this author who is so "sensitive to ridicule," so fearful of lowering his dignity, enacting at a friend's house, with the aid of David Garrick, the parlor comedy known as the "Turkish Dwarf"—wherein Goldsmith's head makes a speech of most serious import, and Garrick's arms travesty his solemnities by the most incongruous gestures.

When, as Wendell Phillips says, we read history "with our eyes and not with our prejudices," we shall be able to see in such incidents a complete refutation of the foolish accusations against Goldsmith's good sense, and a proof that he was not greatly different from his fellows. He suffers still from the old notion that since authorship seems like magic, there must be something bizarre in authors.

After this there is nothing more to tell with certainty, though we know that the

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occasion giving rise to the poem "Retaliation" must have taken place between this time and that of the author's last illness. We have the words of Garrick to prove that the poem was written in good humor, and that the epitaphs to which it is a reply were intended to provoke just such a masterly effort. The various accounts differ more or less, but excepting Garrick's two lines, and Goldsmith's poem, there is not much worth the trouble of preserving.

Upon "Retaliation" the author seems to have been busied when his last illness came upon him. He had done much of his latest work in the cottage on the Edgeware Road, had finished the "Animated Nature," and was planning many further writings, when the return of an old trouble put an end to his labors. At first it seemed to be only a minor illness; and when the symptoms became less severe, he made one more journey to London, though still suffering from what, we are told, was "a low, nervous fever." Probably he sought the city for medical aid, but he is said to

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have dosed himself against the advice of his physicians with a drug that he had once found beneficial.

“Anxieties and disappointments,” says Washington Irving, “which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint.” No doubt it would be quite as true to say plainly that he was dying of worry. Johnson afterwards wrote to Boswell, “His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua was of opinion that he owed not less than £2,000.”

When we remember the last days of Sir Walter Scott, and recall that even his superb physique broke under the strain of indebtedness he could not pay, we shall not be surprised that Goldsmith's physicians, finding him in a state for which no mere physical trouble accounted, and asking whether his mind was at ease, received in his last words—“No; it is not,” the real explanation of his mortal illness.

On the morning of April 4, 1774, he

died, and after some talk of a public funeral, was privately buried in the grounds of the Temple Church, a few days later. This was felt to be more in accordance with his circumstances—possibly as better befitting one who died heavily in debt, and whose property had to be sold at auction in the hope of satisfying some part of his creditors.

The place of burial is unknown, and for many years the visible monument was a medallion by Hollekens, in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Two years after Goldsmith's death, Dr. Johnson wrote an epitaph that was submitted to the members of "The Club," and by them kindly criticised in a "Round Robin," that suggested the writing of the epitaph in English. Johnson's well-known reply—that he would not "disgrace the walls with an English inscription" is often quoted, and the epitaph with its sonorous Latin and its erroneous date of birth still adorns the tablet, with stately inappropriateness to its subject.

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“OLIVARI GOLDSMITH, *
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniâ Forneia Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXI.;
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini,
April IV. MDCCCLXXIV.”

* The following translation is from Croker's edition of Boswell's "Johnson." The birth-dates are wrong.

“OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH—
A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing
Untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn;
Of all the passions,
Whether smiles were to be moved
Or tears,
A powerful yet gentle master;
In genius, sublime, vivid, versatile,
In style, elevated, clear, elegant—
The love of companions,
The fidelity of friends,

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And the veneration of readers,
Have by this monument honored the memory.
He was born in Ireland,
At a place called Pallas,
[[In the parish] of Forney, [and county] of Longford,
On the 29th Nov., 1731,
Educated at [the University of] Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.”

Though Irving tells us he searched in vain for the place of burial, a flat stone has since been placed to mark the supposed grave, and a fine statue now stands in front of Dublin University.

From Dobson's final chapter we may quote a few words of description helping to bring Goldsmith's personality more vividly to mind. "He was short and stoutly built," with a pale or sallow complexion deeply pitted. "His scant hair was brown, his eyes gray or hazel," and his forehead projecting. Altogether, his face was plain, and "bore every trace of his unquestionable benevolence." The portraits seem to vary from caricature to Reynolds's idealized "poetical head," which shows the poet without his cus-

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tomary wig. The original sketch for this portrait appears in facsimile as a colored plate in *The International Studio* for October, 1906.

As to his general character, there is a conflict of testimony only explicable upon the supposition that he was a compound of opposites, as, indeed, more than one of his biographers and his friends assert. In reading of him, we have some understanding of the attraction and repulsion, admiration and contempt, expressed and exhibited toward him. He made no appeal to the world for pity, and never asked more than the measure of success given to others of the same powers.

"Goldsmith," declares William Black, "resorted to the hackwork of literature when everything else failed him, and he was fairly paid for it. When he did better work, when he 'struck for honest fame,' the nation gave him all the honor he could have desired."

It is Black's opinion, and it seems well justified, that there is little reason to whim-

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per over Goldsmith's troubles. Instead of blaming the author for certain defects of character that do not appear to be proved by the stories told to illustrate them, those who desire to paint his faults black may find place for their pigment in his reckless extravagance, his carelessness, his gambling—for which there is good evidence—and his willingness to compete in foolishness with those who had longer purses.

Davies, the bookseller and publisher, is quoted by Dobson as saying that Goldsmith "had two distinct souls" and was "influenced by the agency of a good and a bad spirit." But of what man of strong character cannot the same be said? And since in the most judicial, as well as kindest spirit, Austin Dobson proceeds to make up the other poet's debit and credit accounts, there is little need to go over the ground again. It is far better that the reader should, with Dobson, retrace the steps of Goldsmith's rise from his humble, if respectable beginning, to the success

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that came to him after a very long period of drudgery and even of degradation, and see how naturally his character is shown to be the outcome of his career.

Most striking is the reminder "Among ordinary men he might have shone, but his chief associates in later life were some of the most brilliant talkers of his own or any age," and most valuable Dobson's citation of a witness to prove that Goldsmith was "a shrewd and eloquent converser," and his enforcing of the conclusion by some pages of the Doctor's epigrams and repartees.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MAN AND HIS WORKS

CRITICS have pointed out that Goldsmith's best work, his most creative work, is largely reminiscent. For novel, plays, or poems alike, he has consulted his memory of his surroundings, and has treated those phases of life and those types of character known to him most intimately. That he has nevertheless secured and retained the interest of the world for a century and a half, proves not only the charm of his pen, but also the essential likeness of his times to our own.

No doubt the questions discussed by Dr. Primrose, if he lived to-day, would be of a different character; no doubt Moses would manage to be swindled by sharpers whose methods are more fitted to the times; but in so far as Goldsmith's char-

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acters are true to the nature of his own times, would they still be true to the nature of ours.

And if we could go backward in the stream of time until we found ourselves amid the ten years from 1764 to 1774, the decade wherein Goldsmith consorted with the best men of his time, we should find ourselves much more nearly in sympathy with his associates than is now possible.

Under the charm of his writing we see him through a rose-colored medium, and are impatient of the criticism that found the author less delightful than his works.

We are impatient of Dr. Johnson's "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had," and resent Macaulay's adjectives, "vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident." We are inclined also to question the right of E. P. Whipple or Leigh Hunt to pronounce upon the merits of so great a writer, and we turn with a sense of satisfaction to the broad, catholic and kindly Thackeray for the words that shall do

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Goldsmith justice and pay him due honor.

In the lecture on the "English Humorists," where, if anywhere, we shall find ourselves reading prose as beautiful as Oliver Goldsmith's own, we come with a glow of genuine pleasure upon passages that touch the heart, and yet have neither affectation nor exaggeration. It is Thackeray who compares Fielding's "high courage" with Goldsmith's "constancy, equally happy and admirable," and tells how the poet's "sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather."

No one can rightly know Goldsmith except after a glance through those kindly, keen-sighted spectacles that were able to see truly all the personages and booths of "Vanity Fair," and could read rightly both the good and evil that made of Steele, and Swift, and Sterne, those odd compounds of genius that could both soar and grovel. It does not seem right to cut patches out of his great tapestry, but we may at least quote from his last paragraph,

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in the belief that it will send readers once more to Thackeray's pages, and to Goldsmith's. Who can, so well as Thackeray, sum up the charms we owe the Irish author—"His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed us with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."

This appreciation of the greatest English novelist may not be weakened by being put to weaker words; but many who will be inclined to see in Thackeray a spirit much like Goldsmith's, can yet not resist the testimony of an intellect so keen and so broad in its view as Goethe's. They must admit greatness in a novel that Goethe declares one of the best ever written, at the same time giving ample reason for the faith he declares. Of the same

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book, "The Vicar of Wakefield," William Hazlett declared, "It has charmed all Europe"; and though we may not agree with Washington Irving in claiming that there are "no extravagant incidents, no forced or improbable situations," yet we can heartily endorse William Black's declaration, "There is as much human nature in the character of the Vicar alone as would have furnished any fifty of the novels of that day or this."

When we come to the poems, there is a difference of purpose between our days and his that makes us impatient of what, to his contemporaries, seemed their greatest claim to praise. The necessity of a "moral purpose" to excuse the production of poetry, was then universally insisted upon, and it seemed to be considered much in the light of a disinfectant, or a countersign that gave admission to the reading public.

Rightly or wrongly, and perhaps the last word upon the subject has not yet been said—the fashion has passed away, and

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we are free to enjoy poetic images, exquisite lines, or even well-chosen epithets without pretending to be investigating the "Vanity of Human Wishes" or conducting an inquiry into what form of government conduces most to the happiness of mankind.

In the days of "She Stoops to Conquer," Horace Walpole could complain that Dr. Goldsmith had written a low farce "tending to no moral, no edification of any kind"; but if the remark is cited to-day the quoter is careful to remind the student that the passage is inserted because of "its absurdity"! We do not therefore estimate the worth of "The Traveller" by its value as a treatise on political economy or a sermon, but as a "cabinet of exquisite workmanship which will outlast hundreds of oracular shrines of oak ill put together," as Leigh Hunt declared. We read for the pictures, and, smiling, put the sermon by; or, if we seek the true moral purpose of the poem, we read it between the lines, and beneath the conventional truths that Gold-

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smith threw as sops to Cerberus, thus bribing entrance into public favor.

In the same spirit do we regard the more slender basis of ethics upon which he has created that more beautiful poem "The Deserted Village." If the object of the poet was what Irving tells us—to exalt agriculture above manufacturing, we can only say that Dr. Goldsmith's diagnosis does not seem to us sufficiently scientific to have led him through symptoms to the real cause of the troubles he has so admirably described.

While our age is no time to deny the value of a sturdy population of independent citizens, and to dispute the harmful effect of "swallowing up small farms in wide and useless domains," yet we know that the factory system, the modern manufacturing and business world, could not be halted because small farms lay athwart the paths of commerce, and upon the sites of great factories. All this is obvious enough; but perhaps the conclusion from it is not quite so evident.

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May we not see, from Goldsmith's attempt to misdirect his own genius, to make his own little fishes talk like great whales, that the poet who preaches political economy or conventional moral truths, is merely wasting upon ephemeral things the genius that should deal with the eternal? The "blossomed furze" is really more profitably gay than many a well-tended fruit-tree or well-ploughed farm, and preaches its own lesson of beauty for many a generation after the orchard, the farm, and the treatise on political economy, are all dead together. The "Auburn" of the poem not only is worth more to the world than forty Lissoys, but even has the power to recreate the village whose end is deplored in the "melodious, tender poem, the position of which in English literature and in the estimation of all who love English literature has not been disturbed by any fluctuations of literary fashion," to quote once more from the appreciative biography by William Black.

As to "Retaliation," it has already been

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sufficiently described. We like it none the worse that it is as little didactic as a collection of exquisite miniatures painted upon ivory, and should be glad to have it incomplete if its completion would have involved some Johnsonian framing that put a morally square frame upon each little vignette.

Of the plays, we dare do no more than refer the reader to the triumphant stage-success that makes all criticisms superfluous or impertinent, and ranks the author as one of the great English dramatists in the field of comedy.

The compilations, the hackwork, the penny-a-liner pieces are "dull, habitual drudgery," but may be cited to prove his excellence of mere workmanship in that calling which Anthony Trollope compares in his autobiography to that of "an upholsterer and undertaker," called upon for distasteful work—"It is his business, and he will starve if he neglects it." If considered at all in making up our estimate of Goldsmith's powers, these works must be

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judged in connection with the circumstances under which they were produced. Dobson says he raised hackwork almost to a fine art. They are, so judged, most excellent; and bear out Johnson's prediction that Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" would be as "pleasant as a Persian tale." They were written for a purpose and to a standard; they served the purpose and reached the standard, and in so far as they admitted of literary quality, this was given them.

Professor Masson declares that in the form and matter of his writing Goldsmith was "purposely English"; but this was a necessity of the market for which he wrote, and should be remembered as a proof of adaptability in this Irish author whose heart, unlike Boswell's, never turned traitor to the land of his birth.

There is no need to say once more what has been so plainly said by his biographers—that he was to blame for his own misfortunes. All things considered, he was a successful author during the last ten years

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of his life, was admitted to the best society of the time, and never deigned to sacrifice his ideals for the sake of bread-winning. Even the inconsiderate treatment received from his associates seems excusable if we regard him as presumptuous and vain. Irving says, "the blunders of a fertile but hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the student assuming the man of fashion, fix on him a character for absurdity and vanity which, like the charge of lunacy, it is hard to disprove, however weak the grounds of the charge and strong the facts in opposition to it."

But when the American critic goes on to build up a case that shall show Goldsmith longing for domestic life, for a loving wife and a home, we do not find ourselves convinced. We see nothing in his biographies to argue even a serious love-affair of the sort Irving has in mind. Goldsmith seems to have led the life he preferred, and to have been most happy when his pen had compelled the admiration of the little world that surrounded him. A comparison of

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his life with that of Johnson, for example, will show a complete difference of attitude toward womankind.

Primarily, Goldsmith was a man's man; he loved the society of men, he loved talk, dinners, gaming, outdoors. He was kind and affectionate to all the world, no more so to women or children than to men; he relieved distress whenever he could, for he had felt it, and suffered in sympathy with all who were in trouble. Indeed, it was this keen insight by sympathy that made him poet, novelist, and dramatist.

But whatever his life experiences may have been, the works of his pen give us little reason to think him alive to the feminine charm that dominates the pages of many great writers of English. Thackeray, Trollope, Charles Reade, William Black, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, all exhibit their susceptibility to the divinity that doth hedge about a lovable woman. They elaborate the heroines, and paint them with delight.

Goldsmith shows none of this special

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regard for his woman characters. It may be that the change of attitude is one that results somewhat from a different way of considering the feminine character. But even in coming from Goldsmith to Scott, the change is not gradual. The writers of the nineteenth century have ceased to regard the women as secondary characters in their novels, plays, or poems.

If we are to give Oliver Goldsmith his rightful place in English literature, we shall have to consider him as a writer skilled in every branch of his art. As a poet he wrote "some of the best familiar verse in the language, . . . still among the memories of the old as they are among the first lessons of the young." As an essayist, he must be reckoned among the most delightful; and when to the two successful plays, we add the immortal "Vicar," we shall have built up a monument that will not be overthrown.

If he and such as he are for a time submerged in the flood of the printing-presses' abundance, yet we know that it cannot be

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for long. There is, of course, such a thing as literary fashion. In this series of books there has been occasion to record the years of comparative neglect that left the poems of Chaucer unread save by the few; that turned aside from the dramas of Shakespeare; the wave of political prejudice that almost forgot Milton. We have, even in our own time, heard more than one voice predicting the early demise of the Waverleys, and the coming of a generation that will not care for Dickens, nor open the volumes of Thackeray.

It is inevitable that in the changes of taste, Goldsmith will be liable to these vicissitudes of popular favor. But all literary history is an assurance that certain merits are permanent and will always attract the readers who see that books of worth shall renew their life.

So far as we are capable of foresight, we must believe that Oliver Goldsmith's works will always be certain of their place on the shelves of those who love English literature, and that their claim to that place will

The Man and His Works

be the gratitude of long generations of readers. So long as his works are justly appreciated, there will be no need to quote the opinions of critics. They are their own best advocates before the court that in each age pronounces ~~the~~ verdict of condemnation or awards immortality.

THE END.



APPENDIX

CHIEF DATES RELATING TO GOLDSMITH'S LIFE AND WORKS

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS.
1728	Birth of Oliver Goldsmith, Nov 10.	Birth of Capt. James Cook. Discovery of Behring Sea.	Chambers' Encyclopedia.
1729		Birth of Lessing. Death of Steele.	Pope's "Dunciad."
1730	Rev. Charles Goldsmith to Lissoy.	Frederick, Prince Royal of Prussia, imprisoned. Birth of Edmund Burke.	
1731	Oliver Goldsmith learns alphabet.	Birth of Cowper. Birth of George Washington. Death of Defoe. Sextant invented. The Pragmatic Sanction.	"Gentleman's Magazine" published.
1732		James Oglethorpe sails for Georgia. Birth of Haydn. Birth of Warren Hastings.	"Poor Richard's Almanac" begun.
1733		Birth of Joseph Priestly	Pope's "Essay on Man."
1734	Goldsmith at Byrne's school.	Birth of Wieland	
1735	Goldsmith has small-pox	Paoli's republic in Corsica. Birth of James Beattie.	Linnaeus's "System."

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS
1736	Goldsmith at Griffin's School, Elphin.	Porteous Riots, Edinburgh. Death of Prince Eugene. Birth of James Watt.	Butler's "Analogy."
1737	Birth of Charles Goldsmith	Birth of Gibbon.	
1738		Birth of Benjamin West. Birth of William Herschel. First Wesleyan Society in London.	
1739		War with Spain. Nadir Shah takes Delhi.	
1740	Birth of John Goldsmith.	First circulating library in London. Birth of Boswell.	
1741		Garrick's first appearance.	
1742		Death of Savage.	Johnson's "Life of Savage."
1743		Birth of Lavoisier. Birth of Paley. War between France and England.	
1744	Oliver Goldsmith at Rev. Patrick Hughes's school, Edgeworthstown. Catherine Goldsmith marries Daniel Hodson. Oliver a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin.	Death of Alexander Pope. Wars of Frederick the Great. Wreck of Spanish and French fleet. War declared against French. Return of Anson's Expedition.	Birth of Herder
1745		Louisburg Expedition. Battle of Fontenoy.	

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS.
1745		Death of Swift. The Pretender at Edinburgh. (Time told of in Scott's "Waverley.")	
1746		Death of Robert Walpole. Battle of Culloden.	Collins' "Odes"
1747	Death of Rev. Chas. Goldsmith.	"French and Indian War" in America. Battle off Finis-sterre.	
1748		Birth of Goethe. Birth of Fox. Peace of Aix la Chapelle. Death of James Thomson. France abandons the cause of the Stuarts.	Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." Smolletts' "Roderick Random." Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."
1749	Oliver takes his B.A. degree, February 27.	Birth of Alfieri. Birth of Laplace. Birth of Mirabeau Birth of Bentham Slave trade favored in England	Buffon's "Natural History" (1749-1767). Fielding's "Tom Jones."
1750		Founding of Halifax Earthquake in London.	Johnson's "Rambler."
1751	Oliver rejected by the Bishop of Elphin.	Birth of R. B. Sheridan. Clive in India. Franklin's Scientific Experiments.	Gray's "Elegy" The French "Encyclopédie" by Diderot and others (1751-1765).
1752	Goldsmith studies law and then medicine at Edinburgh.	"New Style" in chronology adopted, eleven days dropped (Sept. 3 to 13 being omitted). Birth of Chatterton.	

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS.
1752		English actors visit the Colonies. Franklin's kite experiment.	
1753	Goldsmith member of Medical Society, Edinburgh.	Riots against turnpikes and because of high price of bread. Death of Bishop Berkeley.	Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison" first printed.
1754	Goldsmith imprisoned for two weeks. Starts for Continent in February. Medical student at Leyden.	Death of Fielding. Washington's expedition against the French. Birth of Talleyrand. Birth of George Crabbe.	Hume's "History of England" begins.
1755	Goldsmith leaves Leyden in February. Takes degree Bachelor of Medicine. Travels on foot on the Continent.	End of Quaker rule in Pennsylvania. Period of the poem "Evangeline." First newspapers in Conn. and N. Carolina. Defeat of Braddock. Lisbon earthquake.	Johnson's "Dictionary."
1756	Goldsmith lands at Dover. Becomes apothecary, reader, usher, and perhaps a strolling player. Begins hack writing.	Beginning "Seven Years' War." Black Hole of Calcutta. Birth of Mozart. Kosciusko. Birth of Sarah Kemble (Mrs. Siddons.)	Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful."
1757	Goldsmith reviewing for the Griffiths. April—begins author.	Execution of Admiral Byng. Battle of Plassey, India. Pitt, Prime Minister.	Walpole establishes the "Strawberry Hill Press."

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS.
1757		Death of Fontenelle. Organization of militia. Population of Philadelphia, 13,000; of New York, 12,000.	
1758	Returns to Milner's school. Rejected at Surgeon's Hall. Moves to Green Arbour Court.	London Bridge cleared of houses. Brindley builds Bridgewater canal. Birth of Nelson. Birth of Noah Webster. First acted drama written in America.	Goldsmith's "Memoirs of a Protestant." Johnson's "Idler." Edwards on "Original Sin."
1759	Visited by Dr. Percy, by Smollett, and Newbery.	British Museum opened. Birth of Robert Burns. Birth of Schiller. Death of Handel. Capture of Ticonderoga, Fort Niagara and Quebec. Deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm in battle on Plains of Abraham. Eugene Aram convicted. Stocking loom improved by Lee. Death of Collins.	Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." Johnson's "Rasselas." Goldsmith's "Bee." Goldsmith's "Polite Learning."
1760	Moves to Wine Office Court. Edits "Ladies' Magazine." Edits "Memories of Voltaire."	Death of George II. English Conquests in India. Names first on street doors. Black Friars Bridge begun.	Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." Rousseau's "New Heloise" Macpherson's "Ancient Poetry."

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS.
1760		Accession George III. Population of the thirteen Colonies, about 1,700,000. Conquest of Canada completed.	
1761	Writing "Vicar of Wakefield." First visited by Samuel Johnson.	Death of Richardson, novelist. Hostilities with Spain begin.	Marmontel's "Moral Tales
1762	Goes to Islington. Sells share in "Vicar."	Havana taken, Cuba conquered Manila and Philippines taken by British. Death of Lady M. W. Montague. The "Cock Lane Ghost." Southwark Fair suppressed. Catherine II, Empress of Russia.	Macpherson's "Ossian." Wieland's "Shakespeare" Wilkes' "North Briton." Goldsmith's "Mystery Revealed." Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" in book form. Goldsmith's "Life of Nash" Rousseau's "Contrat Social."
1763		End Seven Years' War. Birth of Jean Paul Richter. Birth of Josephine Beauharnais. The "Peace of Paris." Death of Shenstone. Pontiac's Conspiracy. Invention of Spinning Jenny. "White Boys" in Ireland.	
1764	Lodged in Inns of Court.	"The Club" founded. Houses first numbered.	Goldsmith's "History of England."

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1764	Incident of selling MS. of "Vicar of Wakefield."	Death of Wm. Hogarth. Birth of Sir Sidney Smith. Pantheon begun in Paris. Jesuits suppressed in France. Trial of John Wilkes. Founding of Brown University. Acts to tax Colonies passed.	Goldsmith's "The Traveler" (pub. Dec. 19, dat'd 1765.) Walpole's "Castle of Otranto." Chatterton's first forgery. Winckelmann's "Ancient Art."
1765	Practices as physician.	Death of the Pretender. Watt improves steam engine. Treaty of Paris. Isle of Man annexed. Clive, Governor General of India. Burke enters Parliament. Stamp Act passed. Patrick Henry's speeches. Boston riots. "Declaration of Rights" in America. Shakespeare's mulberry tree cut down.	Percy's "Reliques." Johnson's "Shakespeare" Goldsmith's Essays. Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina." Blackstone's "Commentaries." Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm."
1766	Edits "Poems for Young Ladies."	Repeal of Stamp Act. Birth of Malthus. Birth of Mme. de Staël. Weaver's riots in England. House signs taken down.	Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Goldsmith's "History of Goody Two-Shoes." Lessing's "Laocoön." Goldsmith's "Formey's History of Philosophy."
1767	Visited by Parson Scott.	Death of Newbery, publisher.	"Tristram Shandy" finished (see 1759).

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1767	Edits "Beauties of English Poesy." At Islington and Garden Court Temple.	Discovery of Otaheite. Clive returns from India. Weavers' and colliers' riots in England. Steps toward abolition of slavery in Massachusetts. Bill passed for raising revenue in America. Birth of Andrew Jackson. Birth of Maria Edgeworth. Hargreave's improvements in spinning.	
1768	"Good Natured Man" produced at Covent Garden Theatre. Death of Henry Goldsmith. Goldsmith at Brick Court Temple, and in Cottage, Edgeware Road.	Death of Sterne. Royal Academy founded, Reynolds, president. Birth of Charlotte Corday. Birth of Sydney Smith. Regiments sent to Boston. Wilkes riots.	Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."
1769	Agrees to write "Animated Nature."	Birth of Napoleon, Wellington, Soult, Ney, Chateaubriand, John Quincy Adams, von Humboldt, Thos. Lawrence, Cuvier. Watt's steam engine patents. Arkwright's spinning frame. Shakespeare Jubilee. Wilkes troubles continue.	Goldsmith's "Roman History." First Letters of "Junius."

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1770	The portrait by Reynolds exhibited. Goldsmith visits Continent with Horneck family. Death of Goldsmith's mother. Goldsmith's visit to Lord Clare.	Birth of Wordsworth. Wilkes triumphs. American duties repealed, except on tea. "Boston Massacre." Bruce discovers source of the Nile. Death of Chatterton Birth of Thorwaldsen.	Goldsmith's "Life of Bolingbroke." Goldsmith's "Life of Parnell." Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The "Junius Letters" trials. Literary property declared defensible in Court of Chancery.
1771	The Royal Academy dinner.	Birth of Sir Walter Scott. Death of Gray. Death of Smollett Arkwright's second patent for spinning.	Goldsmith's Prologue to "Zobeide." Goldsmith's "History of England" (in new form.) "Encyclopedia Britannica."
1772		Partition of Poland. Mansfield's slavery decision. Birth of Coleridge. Warren Hastings Governor of Bengal. Death of Swedenborg. Birth of J. M. W. Turner. Cook's Second Voyage Priestley's chemical discoveries.	Goldsmith's "Threnodia Augustalis." Goldsmith's "Roman History" abridged. "Letters of Junius continue."
1773	"She Stoops to Conquer" at Covent Garden Theatre.	Johnson visits Scotland. Body of King Edward I. exhumed. Death of Chesterfield.	Klopstock's "Messias" completed (1745-1773) (some authorities say it was finished in 1769).

Appendix

DATE	GOLDSMITH'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1773		Building of Eddystone Light House. First Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Jesuits' Society abolished by Pope. Birth of Metternich.	
1774	"Retaliation written." April 4. death of Oliver Goldsmith.	Boston "Tea Party." Boston "Port Bill." Franklin petitions Parliament. Prisons Act passed. Birth of Robert Southey.	Chesterfield's "Letters." Warton on "English Poetry."

Appendix

A BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

FOR YOUNG READERS OF GOLDSMITH.

LIFE OF GOLDSMITH. The fullest biography is that by John Forster, also the biographer of Charles Dickens. This tells not only the story of Goldsmith's life, but goes into endless disquisitions, surmises, and possibilities. While it is perhaps the best for reference, it makes the reader impatient by its needless fullness, and its dogmatic tone. Besides the original full edition, there is an abridgment, edited by Roger Ingpen, and published in America by Frederick A. Stokes. This shortened form is the better, but neither is so readable or so well done as the lives by Irving and by Dobson. All the biographies are based on one, published in 1837, by James Prior, but much has been learned since.

LIFE, by Irving. A most charming piece of literary work, not only because of the author's exquisite style, but because of his sound judgment and scholarly taste. In every way the best biography through which to begin acquaintance with Oliver Goldsmith.

LIFE, by Austin Dobson. This work is also excellent, written with careful skill, and with fullest regard to Goldsmith's literary career. A practical, sound helpful work, treating the facts of Goldsmith's life in true proportion—and in this respect, the best.

LIFE, by Macaulay, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. In much the same style as Macaulay's *Essays*,—sensible, unenthusiastic, argumentative, but exceedingly readable. It should be corrected by the statements of later writers.

Appendix

LIFE, by William Black. This biography, by the novelist, also presents a rather unsentimental, fair minded view, but gives full space to Goldsmith's writings, considered at the time and in connection with the circumstance of their appearance. Altogether a manly, sensible biography that encourages the reader to do his own thinking, and warns him against the prejudices of other biographers.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON. It is hardly necessary to advise even the young reader that by reading the life of Dr. Johnson he will gain the clearest possible picture of Goldsmith's life in London, and become intimately acquainted with the friends of his prosperous days. Then, if one wishes more minute information, he should read in the lives of these men (in Northcote's *Life of Reynolds*, for example) or in the mass of literature to which Boswell's work has given rise.

THE WORKS OF GOLDSMITH. Again I must recommend to the student the Globe Edition, as the most compact and carefully edited. The volume on Goldsmith has a well condensed life of the poet by Professor David Masson, and gives the most important works at a most reasonable price.

There is also a handy volume, thin paper, edition published in the Newnes series of classics, most portable, and very dainty.

As to the "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," there are simply hundreds of editions, in every kind of binding, illustrated and annotated, or with the text only. It is impossible to specify these; but the student should at least see the edition of the "Vicar" illustrated by Mulready—which is a masterpiece of illustration.

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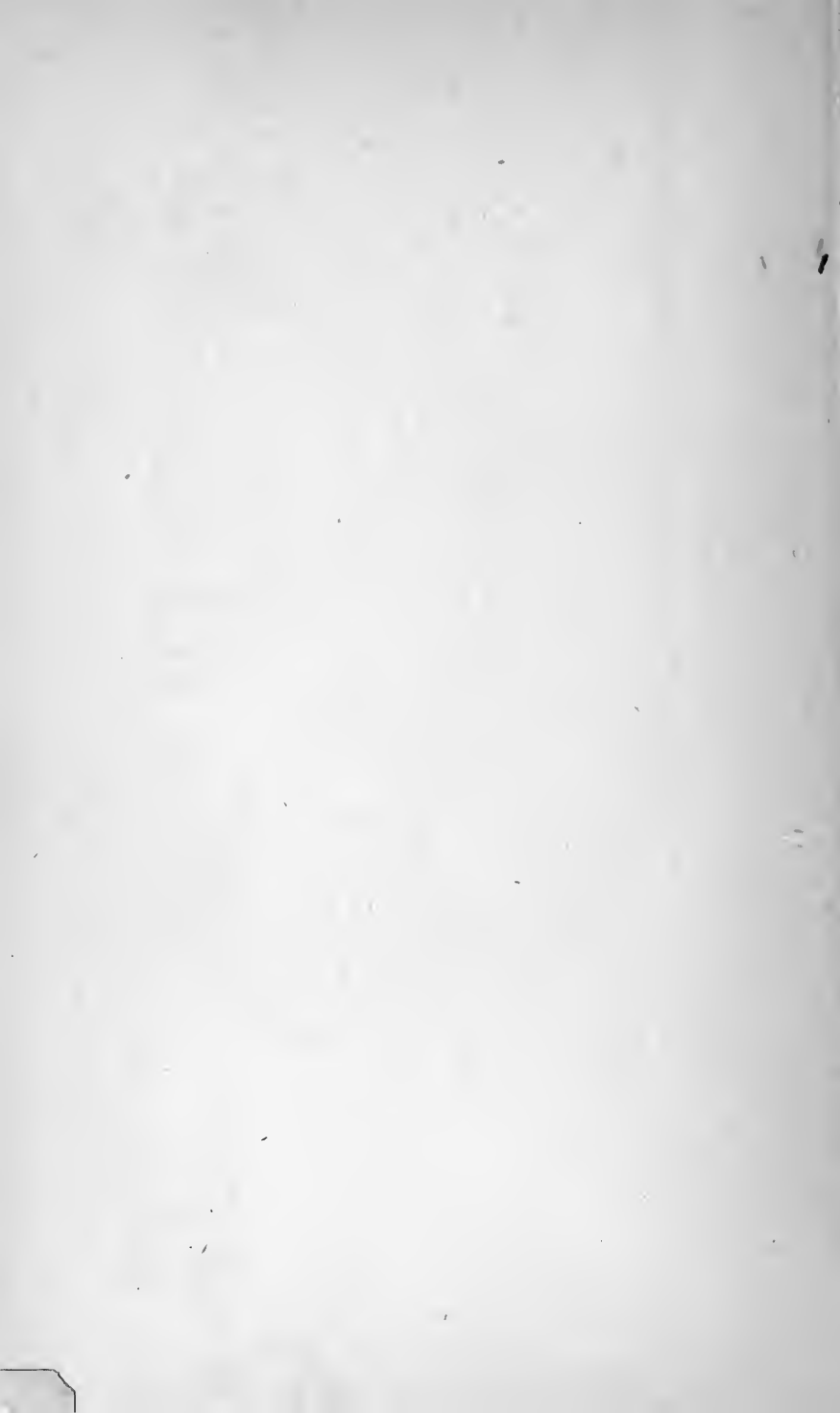
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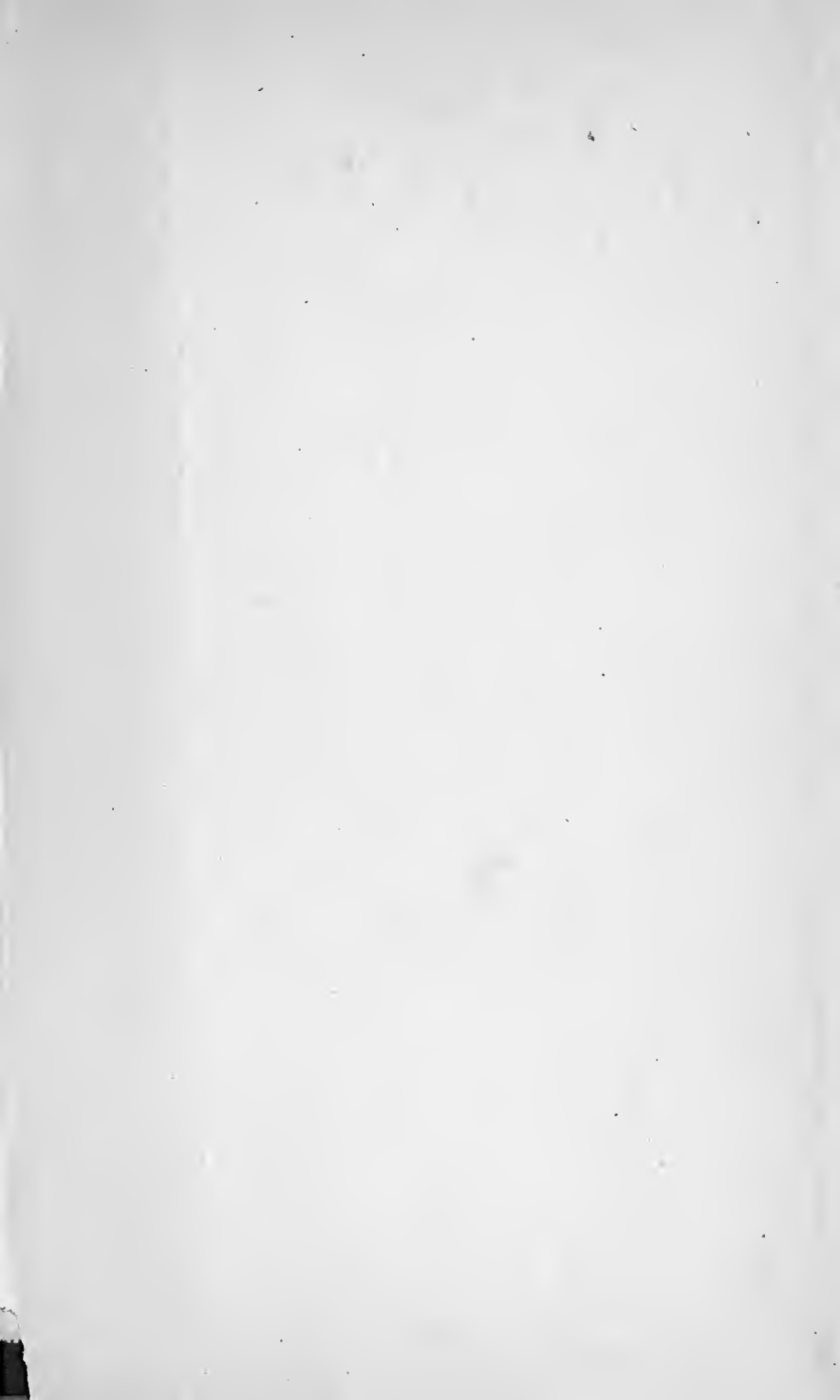
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